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THE WESTERN SLOPE

BY

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

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"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN

WITH

ADMIRATION AND LOVE

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Down the hill the rest of the way,
And quite past noon the time of day.

A gentle slope, a sunset sky,
Halting feet, but a lifted eye.

Body growing tired and old;
Spirit will some day slip its hold.

Heart that has gained and lost with the rest,
And learned just loving is the best.

Afternoon, and this peaceful slope;
The sunset sky with its tale of hope.

PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

A GENERAL SURVEY

"Life is in the eye of the observer."

THE Western Slope affords a wide and cheerful landscape; the afternoon is a pleasant time of day. Each invites us to a mood as ample and leisurely as its own, a reflective mood, a good one in which to sum up benefits.

Youth has numbered its panegyrists by the hundred in every age; old age has won a few of priceless quality, from the writer of De Senectute to Emerson and his Terminus; but the long stretch of time between, covering the years from thirty to fifty, and a little beyond, who shall act as poet and revelator here?

The Western Slope stands for its own time and season, very different from the early morning-time we all remember, full of energy and zeal, all the high, hopeful tasks youth performs so easily, or as confidently rejects as not worth performing. It may be admitted, to begin with, that the western side of the hill is not the eastern, that the afternoon is not the forenoon, that middle age no less than old

age has forever lost the possibilities of youth. But I mean not to be drawn into fruitless comparisons. The Western Slope has positive merits of its own. "The things that remain" are well worth counting.

Professor Shaler, in his work, "The Individual," discusses the benefits and utilization of old age. Our main beliefs on this subject, he tells us, are derived from the military ideals of the past, are part of that worship of force, the militant spirit, which still holds the race in unworthy bonds. When the life of the tribe or community drew its support from the arts of the huntsman or soldier, the aged were a hindrance and menace to the welfare of the whole, and were ruthlessly disposed of, along with the sick and feeble. The writer works out his thesis right here in a way that reminds of John Fiske and his theory of the lengthening period of infancy. As the race grows in culture it grows in humane feeling also, bestowing more care on all the weaker members, the young and old, the poor and unfortunate, even the sinning. But Professor Shaler does not classify the aging members of the community among the weak or incapable. On the contrary, he finds that "the presence of three or four generations in one social edifice gives it far more value than is afforded by one or two." He shows how the older mem-

bers of the group may find a means of preserving, if not youth, a youthful interest in things, by the adoption of some new line of work or study which will freshen powers that tend to decay. He notes "in women who have passed the grand climacteric, between the ages of forty-five and fifty, a considerable enlargement of intellectual interests." He cares nothing for the verdict of those anatomists who tell us the brain begins to shrink at fifty, after which no original work can be done, and cites numerous examples in art and literature to disprove this false and dismal view.

All this has a cheering sound. We who live on the Western Slope know well, both to our hurt and to our joy, that the zest for life is as keen as it ever was.

> " 'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

I am convinced that it is a retroactive judgment which we bring to bear, for the most part, on this question of the relative value of youth and middle or old age. The spirit of illusion holds us here as elsewhere. We are creatures of dream and fancy no less at forty than at eighteen; the only difference is that youth has but one landscape, that which lies ahead. The retrospective look belongs of necessity

to a later period, but it may be as fond and romantic as any other; which reminds me that a writer of the day has described romanticism as the backward-looking spirit.

Suppose I were to begin my account of the Western Slope by comparing it with the Eastern; that green and blossomy ascent which we mounted so joyously this morning, yesterday, a year, or generation ago. Was it a green and blossomy ascent when we made it? Not at all. Let youth describe youth's landscape, and see what a dark and tangled wilderness he makes of it, or parched desert, whose hot sands blister his toiling feet. Re-read the biographies of the great, each with its old tale of early hardship; or David Copperfield's story of the "Forest of Difficulty," through which he cut his way to a short-hand reporter's success and to Dora. Youth knows its own struggles and trials, it has its own seasons of doubt and despair, of bitter self-distrust, even. These are the harder to bear that it is so ignorant. It has gathered no experience with which to help itself, even to choose among the crowd of hoary-headed seniors—I had almost written sinners—who stand counseling, commanding, warning, and forever blocking its way.

Look back over the hill at that crowd of toiling,

sweating youngsters at the foot, just beginning the long, upward climb! Of varying age, capacity, and sex; for it has become a girl's business, also, to toil and to sweat, to climb and compete. How they push and scramble, rudely jostling each other! And not in mere sport; though the sportive spirit may abound, for that is the spear and armor of the young. How scant of breath some of them grow, with what long, painful strides they swing themselves upward from point to point! How quickly the resources of physical strength sometimes give way, even at this early stage of the game! How many times the struggle ends right here, where it has but begun; the only laurel won, the cypress, the only prize, a bunch of immortelles clasped in ice-cold fingers that will never loose their grasp!

"AH, but the faith, the high daring, the unquenchable thirst! Will you try to discount these, to compare them with your pale afternoon virtues, the mental sluggishness you misname peace, the resignation that masks as content? What witless talk is this, what forced reasoning that convinces no one! The worst of youth's hardships are but incidental. With youth's power of self-recovery, they are nothing. Let us on the

Western Slope be honest, at least! Would not every one of us cancel the years at a stroke, renounce all our boasted wisdom, for the chance to join that eager crowd below, on the other side of the hill, to begin the glad, exhilarating climb once more, to make a fresh start? Admit it and be done with!"

This from my ill-natured friend Criticus, who, it seems, has been looking over my shoulder, and now puts in his word.

"Very well, dear Criticus, we will admit it, for peace's sake and the argument's. Let us be honest, by all means; but what is it to be honest? An ill-natured man's honesty is one kind! I never knew an ill-natured man or woman who did not set much store by their honesty. Diogenes and Schopenhauer! You, Criticus, belong to the same school, the *nil admirari*. You praise the eastern side of the hill, but chiefly, I suspect, because you must henceforth live on the western. When you were a resident of the other side, I venture to say, you found as little to please you there as here. When you were young—if you ever were young—you were, I have no doubt, as disagreeable as you are now. You found fault with your work and hated your lessons, you looked enviously forward to the time when all such drudgery should be at an end, when

it should be your turn to play the master and boss. When, in that early time, you felt the sun's rays on your back, you complained of the heat, as you now complain because its westering beams get into your eyes and blind you. You were always blind. You were never young, and can, therefore, never properly grow old. Go your ways, Criticus! My praise of the Western Slope is not for such as you. I would not try to prove the beauty of rose or star or pearl to you. You would tell me that the rose will wither to-morrow, and so it will; the star would be too far off, or it would shine only at night; the pearl's genealogy, traced to a diseased spot in the oyster, would but feed your cultivated disgust for all things. So, go your ways, poor Criticus! We are likely to meet you again in these pages, and you shall always be allowed your word of melancholy refutation; but I reserve the last word for myself, as a woman, and the one who introduced the discussion."

TO the scientist's testimony, it is easy to add the poet's. If Longfellow, nearing his seventieth birthday, could write, with the gentle scholar's wisdom, aided by a spotless life,

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress";

and if Emerson, beginning the Terminus with the lines,

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail,"

could conclude with the triumphant strain,

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime,"

if such is the testimony gained from such sources of the remaining worth of things to the sexagenarians, we who have not yet reached that point may take heart and continue our moralizing.

"Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

I like that line. We talk of success and name its rewards, but the most successful life is that marked by moral likeness or continuity. To gain in youth a vision so fair, a resolve so pure and strong, that it shall serve as motive and inspiration for all the years to follow, is to receive the chrism of good fortune to begin with.

This moral likeness is the chief mark of genius, not the mere skill to paint on canvas or write an epic. Genius is not so erratic as it seems. It has its own law of consistency. Its office is to listen and obey, like the child Samuel's. Like him it

listens to high and secret counsel, given in the sacred stillness of the night:

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

The listening ear and the will to obey—these are not only the traits of genius, but of the true disciple wherever found. The poet, the discoverer, the hero, each keeps unimpaired the vision of his youth, "obeys the voice at eve, obeyed at prime."

By genius I do not mean the mere power of startling performance manifest in the Confessions of a Rousseau, a Byron's Manfred, or Poe's Raven, with its undying croak. Admitting the genius here, we feel the deep and woeful lack of something else. A stately pine, growing on the edge of a dark abyss, with loosened roots, threatening to fall!

"Genius is characterized by self-mastery," said Channing. "The brightest genius is a self-guiding, calm, comprehensive power." Self-guidance, based on principle! A very prosaic idea, sure to be condemned as the preacher's; yet it is only the genius manifest as spiritual energy that really benefits the world or wins its lasting praise. We are spirit to begin with, spirit in the end, with a brief interregnum in which this spirit works out its destiny in a fleshly investiture which both impedes and helps. At least, such is the high, venturesome guess of those whom

faith or a devout imagination has best fitted to guess—the religionists and the poets.

It would be sad if we could find this moral likeness or continuity only in the lives of those we call great. May not every one of us boast our "dear voices," as Joan of Arc did, even though, unlike that fair warrior, we fail so often to listen and obey? Voices of all kinds have called and sung to us, some of them perilously sweet, like the Lorelei's! Whether they spoke from the heights or depths of our nature, we made early choice of those which we would follow. I do not mean that such choice is irrevocable. There are periods of cataclysmic growth and change in some of the most orderly lives. The weak may grow suddenly strong with new resolve, born of passion or pain. Or, where the spirit of revolt is active, a grand Tolstoyan plunge may be made from one kind of life to another. But even then it is the old voice which calls to us, if only the still, small voice. Tolstoy the boy, ashamed of the treatment the servants received, was father of the man, dressed in a peasant's smock and working in the fields.

I BEGAN by saying the Western Slope was a wide and pleasant space. It remains to add that it is peopled in the main with an agreeable company. Youth has no monopoly of charm, not even of physical attractions; still less of kindly and gracious manners, which are more than beauty's equivalent, and the infrequent accomplishment of the young. It is true we have our own standards. Mere shape and color count for little. We may still take delight in the pure tints, the lustrous eyes and locks of the Ediths and Mays of our younger acquaintance, but signs like these have often failed us, and we have learned to look deeper. The feature must express a thought, whether it be of classic mold or not; and the classic pleases better when it shows some of the ameliorating effects of time. A freshly made Venus or Apollo would look rather insipid.

We note the kind of mind or soul that looks out from eyes of fading blue or brown, soul many times so rich in garnered wisdom and love that it floods color out of remembrance. Even with the young, new standards are beginning to obtain, such as fit a scientific age. Natural wit and kindness are more prized in the modern belle than the right cut in eyebrows. Bellehood itself—that false and dangerous

elevation of one sex for the false and dangerous adulation of the other—is becoming an obsolete term. Young men seek an easy and natural companionship among young women as with themselves. The relation between the boys and girls grows more rational every day, based on intrinsic qualities in each.

Beauty of expression is, however, more Time's achievement than Nature's. The rugged, weather-beaten faces of some of these men, the look of power won and held in reserve which middle-age manhood wears, which grizzled locks and a fleshy double-chin cannot mar! The faces of some of these women, pinched by time or wasting disease, but bearing the impress of thought, and lit with spiritual conquest! I love to study them, here on the Western Slope. Each face tells its own story of suffering and mistake, but wears a look of human tenderness and trust that could have been won in no other way.

Undoubtedly, there are faces of another sort. The Western Slope is no heaven of the regenerate and saved, nor handsomely appointed drawing-room for the use of the socially eligible and select. It is but a bit of common pasture-land where the sheep and the goats nibble alongside and seem to derive much comfort and edification from each other's

society. The vain and the silly, the cruel and the capricious, the selfish and the vulgar, are all here—along with the rest of us. Faces of men embruted with low passions, hardened by long, coarse contact with the world on the side of its greeds and appetites! Faces of women, wearing a look of peacock pride or dull vacuity, such as middle age, well provided for and thinking only of its creature comforts, so easily falls into! We have not grown so very wise nor good, nor always so discreet, even, on the Western Slope. In many cases we have but retained the follies of youth, grown into crimes. Habit has become our jailer; the old power to resist gone, we dwell with him on easy terms. Yet, in the long run, experience wins its own meed of beauty and grace. An enlarged understanding, teaching sympathy and consideration for others, a chastened spirit, imparting patience, these have a direct relation to personal demeanor. They may inform the body with more than a courtier's grace and lend to a wrinkled countenance a radiance and sweetness youth may well envy. Handsome is that handsome does! The young flout this homely old saw with easy scorn, but it is the only beauty-preserver left to us on the western side of the hill.

We have our own code of manners, also. The

haste and impetuosity so becoming to eighteen are immoral at fifty. Even the so-called innocence of youth must not be preserved too long, lest it sink into wicked imbecility, like Harold Skimpole's. It is neither pleasant nor edifying to see an aging man or woman aping the behavior of the young. Reserve is a better sign of power than impulse; a quiet manner inspires confidence, and is a passport to business and social success. Lowell has a line praising the strength that lies in poise.

We live in a busy age, full of schemes for our personal success and redeeming the world in a day. We excuse our numerous impolitenesses on the ground of the great ends we have in view, but usually the great ends can wait. It is only in the chance to perform small duties well that any one is important. Hurry and self-consequence are at the bottom of most of our bad manners. On the Western Slope we can no longer hurry, and we are not so important, even to ourselves, as we once were. Our chief merit lies in this growing modesty. We have added a sixth sense—the sense of our limitations. Habits and opinions become fixed, the will relaxes, imagination grows thin and pale. Beliefs that once walked in as visible embodiment by our side as our friends in the flesh, have faded into ghosts; ghosts

which sadden more than they terrify, for, unlike the famous French lady, we not only no longer believe in ghosts, we have not even the pleasant excitement of being afraid of them.

It is to our credit that we are able so many times to go on working without the old incentives. Habit helps here, too, and is less jailer than guardian angel. Belief, lost as rule or dogma, clings to us still in the shape of every human hope and tie. Results are prized, but not of the wholesale order, not in the job-lots of the professional reformer.

Though we have achieved so little, yet we have achieved a little. That, I should say, is the sum of wisdom on the Western Slope. The true Western Sloper, if I may risk the term, should have reached the point where he can look his mistakes and failures calmly in the eye, acknowledging them, but not greatly regretting them, since regret wastes time and depletes the spiritual energies. And there is ample occasion still for the exercise of all our energies.

The afternoon virtues, as Criticus sneeringly calls them, are not to be despised, they are well worth cultivating: a serene and equable temper, a disposition that grows more peaceful towards the world as it ceases to war in behalf of individual

claims, a widening horizon of faith and duty; the duty construed somewhat less strenuously than of old, because the faith partakes ever more and more of that love that beareth and hopeth and believeth all things.

On the whole, a fair and goodly company, as I said.

DOUBTLESS it is as large a company as that which swarms on the other side of the hill, but it does not seem so. We do not crowd each other on the Western Slope. Many of us have more room than we need, like the aged parents in the home from which all the children have married and gone forth. Though we have friends and neighbors on every side, we dwell at times in a strange aloofness, even from the nearest, an isolation that is at once a gentle sorrow and our rock of defense. We look at our fellow-travellers across short but impassable distances, which mark no real separateness, only that power to stand alone which the years bring. Yet we do not like to stand alone. The ache of loneliness may be as sharp at fifty as at twenty. We can be very miserable yet, in the old foolish way, with the sense of personal loss and misunderstanding, once so intolerable; but life has

schooled us, we have been well drilled, we have gained a degree of self-control, and are ashamed that feelings which once we indulged openly, which were our keenest torture and delight, have power to move us still. Such shame is our safeguard.

Passion dies hard, because it is part of the great creative energy. Here on the Western Slope are men and women of strong emotions, high mounting desires, and unruly impulses, chastened a little by long waiting, the necessity to yield and abrogate which has met them at every turn. They have tasted the disappointment of failure and the disappointment of success. Chiefly that look of strong yearning in their faces is for peace. To this pale complexion are our ruddy hopes reduced! That is a sweet and tender word, "peace," but there is no more misleading term in which to describe our main wish and desire. Happiness is not to be caught in that snare either. She eludes us still; it is her business to elude. She has learned how quickly when she pauses to bestow some prayed-for good we turn to upbraid and berate her; she knows our ingratitude well. Again and again we take up the pursuit, we give breathless chase, we almost clasp her in our arms, when she melts into the formless mist that clouds the headlands and wreathes the

woods. Then we sternly resolve to do without her, we say she is naught and nowhere and nothing to us, when Lo! we wake one day to find she has taken up her regular abode with us, sits at our board, eats Quaker oats for breakfast, and helps us with the family mending. "Happiness comes by the way," a dear, dead friend of mine used to say. Our happiest moments, like those spent in sleep, pass in a blessed self-oblivion. Perhaps the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana is based on some such law.

THOUGH it is afternoon on the Western Slope, there is no hand on the dial-plate to mark the same hour for all. It is a long descent from summit to base. We dwell at different points along the Slope, though we face in one direction. We are of nomadic habit, pitching and folding our tents each day a little farther down the decline. Some have just stepped over the hill's crest, others stand in bold relief at the very top.

Life and movement are nowhere more brisk than at the summit, for here is where the great prizes are distributed. Where should Victory crown if not at the top? Wealth, fame, and all manner of earthly honors await their hungry recipients here.

What a trying-on of wreaths and crowns, badges and awards of merit, royalty-stamped emblems, gilded scarves, medals, and degrees; all the insignia which money, rank, and learning can bestow! We hear the exultant shouts, the sounds of happy laughter and applause, mingled so soon with other sounds, cries of angry disappointment and pain, jealous reprisal.

There is no place where suffering is so acute—or so badly borne—as right here at the top of the hill. Ironic Destiny sits at the paymaster's desk and dishonors most of the drafts presented. The gold turns to worthless pyrites, the crowns and robes of office weigh so heavily on their hapless burden-bearers, the thing sought so soon turns into the thing unprized and undesired. That is part of the divine paradox; God's smile beckoning us on, turning to God's frown the minute we stop to idly bask in that smile.

Some of my fellow-travelers dispute my reasoning at this point and ridicule my chosen figure of speech. They tell me that life is as full of interest and as promiseful of reward on the Western Slope as anywhere else. They declare I am altogether wrong in making the summit stand for the immature age of thirty or thirty-five, and I hope I am. But

having chosen my figure of speech I feel bound to stand by it, fitting the facts to it as well as I can. I am sure I am sufficiently right for the purposes of the discussion.

The summit may be described, in geometrical phrase, as a point without dimension. It has no existence at all in time, though the traveler loves to linger here; his feet take reluctant hold on the path he must now follow, a descending path. A few wear a look of unconcern and declare it is no descent at all; and indeed, there is a nearly level plain right here, covering, let us say, the years from thirty to forty, that might well deceive the most wary. The path does not break into an abrupt descent, but winds gently back and forth, like the great loops of railway in the Rockies and Sierras. Or, to put it another way, that broad, full stream pouring from the hill's crest does not make a single plunge downwards, but breaks into a hundred little rivulets, each making its own trickling pathway down the slope, singing its own plaintive or careless melody. "Life is individuation," one of the philosophers has said.

To preserve my metaphor intact, I should be able to say that the view is finest of all from the top; but for some reason not laid down in my

physical geography it grows wider and more beautiful as we descend on this side. Perhaps it is because we did not care much for the view on the other side; the interest of the young traveler is not in the journey, but in the one taking it. We depersonalize ourselves a little as we grow older, we learn to generalize, to take our bearings.

Though we catch at every excuse for delay, we are bound to travel at increasing speed on the Western Slope. That is inevitable on a descending path. It is fatally easy to go down hill.

How far apart the birthdays and Christmas anniversaries seemed when we were young! Now, in what swift but tedious succession they appear, like the hurrying race of the telegraph-poles past the car-window, the most tiresome features in the landscape, positive affronts. We turn inside, wrap our traveling-rug about us, and fall asleep. Ah, this growing love of sleep, and of sleep's oblivion! The habit of falling asleep at wrong times and in wrong places—that is our worst symptom on the Western Slope. The body's incurable trick of getting tired, or developing some fell complaint, like asthma or rheumatism, compelling the use of a cane and a slavish regard for flannel. If it were not for hateful reminders like these, we should not mind. We

"feel as young as ever," we say, with sad impotence.

How jealous children are of the time lost in sleep! How cross and worthless we are over a missing nap! Sleep is a restoring process to the young and healthy-minded:

> "We wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
> Did us afresh from nothingness derive."

But courted for properties of mere nepenthe, sleep's true office is destroyed. It is not meant to be used as a drug.

RESTORER and reconciler both is sleep. It restores for life's uses, it reconciles to life's passing. The old-time analogue of death, its cunning counterpart, whose mission is to allay man's fears through likeness and usage, meant to soften the last shock.

> "Oh, is it Death that comes
> To have a foretaste of the whole?
> To-night the planets and the stars
> Will glimmer through my window-bars,
> But will not shine upon my soul."

How may the spirit not be preparing itself for the last exit, in these nightly wanderings, where and how far, who shall say? Nature has surrounded this fact of death, so grim and inevitable, with a thousand alluring hints and suggestions which go far

to convert it, even to our present understanding, into an act of supreme providence and bounty to man. Some one has well said, "It is not death but dying of which we are afraid." We torture ourselves with anticipative terrors of an event which, when it occurs, we shall neither recognize nor fear. Does not our growing weariness teach us this, the strange, new yearning, the feeling that the soul, too, needs a change? Do not our dying ones teach us the same, sinking quietly into their last rest, looking at us with eyes of pained bewilderment, half-reproach, when in selfish fright for ourselves we speak their names and call them back?

Calypso, in her garden of unspiritual delights, offered immortality to Ulysses if he would remain with her. Our coming poet—who has arrived—Mr. Stephen Phillips, makes the hero speak a just and noble answer to this kind of plea. Only to return to his human estate, to have done with goddesses and clasp Penelope, the living woman, to his breast, to live and die like other men—this was the one wish of the old and grizzled voyager:

"I would not take life but on terms of death.
That sting in the wine of being, salt of the feast!
Oh, Death! thou hast a beckon to the brave;
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap!"

The keenest vision cannot determine the line where the Western Slope ends, nor the kind of geographical figure it melts into at the base. The poets and myth-makers surmise a broad and shadowy stream with Charon for boatman, Christ for pilot. Dante mixed his theology with a good deal of pagan learning, and so may we.

Looking down, we note an ever-lessening company at the foot, though continually recruited from above. Old age is to be envied. It is an honor to be seventy, a proud distinction to be eighty; a trial, mortification, and menace to be fifty. The very old rest on their attainments; they boast, not apologize. They wear their years like a crown; there is a look of genuine peace in these septuagenarian faces. The long, egoistic strife is over; only a brief season of waiting remains.

Waiting for what? Does it greatly matter? Must we know all or trust nothing? Am I so in love with this little self, gained in one stage of existence, that I must clamor for its company through all the ages to come? I confess I detect a shallow and selfish note in much of our talk about the life to come, in the rash, human claims we set up for this other, final boon. Since I live, I think I shall live on; the measure of conscious personality

I have gained, I shall keep; but why exult if this is so, or complain and abjure the universe if it is not so?

Not all even of suppositive good lies in the affirmative side of this question. It is not so simple as it appears. The thought of an undying personality, as continuous and changeless as Sirius, is almost as terrifying and difficult for mundane reason to grasp as that of annihilation Annihilation, in our more depressed moods, when we stand under the burden of some new mistake and shame, seems a good way out.

Are we quite sincere, or even very intelligent, in our ceaseless discussion of this great theme? Is it well to lay such stress upon it? May our partial knowledge of things make just demand upon the Infinite Source, challenging and casting doubt on it, upbraiding it in advance for the feared omission of an hypothecated good?

NOT length, but quality, of life! "Convince man he is to live forever, and he will be virtuous," has been the sum of most of the teaching on this subject. Surely, there is a higher standard than this. The true attitude is one of desert, not demand. To live as though

we were immortal is to enter that estate to-day. "Live as though you were to die to-morrow, learn as though you were to live forever," ran the motto in John Fiske's study.

The solution offered in George Eliot's hymn is one which only the most heroic minds accept. As a complete answer to the problem it falls short, but it reveals a new ideal. It has raised the banner of a generous altruism and set it above the green turf that covers our dead, symbol of a new kind of hope and human endeavor. Dr. Hedge, commenting on this hymn many years ago, said, "The air we breathe is thick with influences, good and bad, which successive generations have put forth. Every individual has contributed something by his character and life to make the world what it is. The humblest and most obscure live forever." He added that this was the only immortality the wise man need concern himself about. I would not say that, mindful of the one element left out, the love life gives, and death cannot destroy, the deep, heart-breaking wish to be united with those who are gone. A longing so deep and strong speaks volumes for the worth of our human nature, it is not to be lightly dismissed. Yet with what fond unreason do we pursue this portion of our theme! In what a

tangle of contradictions we involve ourselves as we attempt to forecast things here!

Skimming over these great deeps in the frail bark of a half-hour's talk with a friend—talk made up of the usual mortal wish and conjecture—she looked at me gravely a minute, yet not at me, for the look was rather one of inward scrutiny. Death had wounded her many times, taking her nearest and best, and she sat at this time in the shadow of a new loss which threatened to empty life of half its motive. Yet even in the first sharpness of her grief she seemed to see that its office was not to be final. The suffering so hard to bear would be borne. The world grown suddenly barren to hope and effort still claimed her. "It is true," she said, in a self-accusing tone, "we learn to do without those who have gone." I thought of the line in In Memoriam:

> "Oh, last regret, regret can die."

We are wrong when we reproach ourselves for the working of a law that is needful to remaining health and sanity. We may well question how we should mourn our dead, what rightful claim they have upon time and energies so sorely needed by the living. If we could win a word of counsel from them, what would it be like? The old legend, in which a stricken mother sees in a dream her little

one separating herself from her companions in Paradise, with wistful, backward looks, to fly down to earth with an urn in which to catch her mother's tears, is very fanciful, but very suggestive also. The power to mourn, to preserve grief in its first sharp intensity, is not the best test of love.

"It is human to wish not to be forgotten," said James Martineau; "yet believe me, to be lost from memory and die away in the dawn of what is higher, is my inmost desire." "If we still love those we lose, can we wholly lose those we love?" asked Mr. Thackeray. But I need not pursue my subject like a thesis, carefully wrought to a single end, supported with arguments borrowed from the wise, whose exact demonstration shall win me a prize.

The verdict of the wise ones is always the same. The appeal is back from the unknown to the known. Life is too large and full of needs to be expended in a single love or set of loves, though its true purport is found only in loving. Love itself is a term that needs to be rescued from prevailingly low and selfish uses. "Make not unto yourselves idols," and "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

DOWNWARD the path descends, but the journey is one; the point which the traveler has reached is of little moment. One sky has bent above us from the beginning, smiling in unspecked blue, or shedding gentle showers of pity and refreshment. One sun has warmed and cheered, one earth nourished and trained. The only boon to pray for is an open vision, eyes to see, a heart to feel and respond. And with these, strength to smile at rather than mourn both our losses and our mistakes; leveling every little hillock that marks a grief or an error back into the common green sward, on which those to come after shall the more safely walk.

SOME OF MY NEIGHBORS ON THE SLOPE

"I ought to be equal to every relation."

THE resident of the Western Slope has suffered many disillusions, but those arising from the personal relations in life are the sharpest, if not the most lasting and irremediable.

We entered easily into these personal relations when we were young; we swore oaths of fealty on all sides, each new friendship had the intoxicating quality of love. When the inevitable reaction came, the period of outgrowth or satiety, the feeling changed its name, but kept the old intensity. We wept salt tears, we felt ourselves hopelessly stricken and aggrieved. Some of us would give a great deal to borrow back from time a little of that old intensity, but we are wrong. If we love less absorbingly, we criticize and blame less freely, or we should; if we have grown less dependent, we have grown, perhaps, less exacting also.

We still love and take pride in our friends, but the personal aspect of things fades a little as we

proceed. For that matter, we live as much every age in the ideals our friends create for us as in the pleasures of actual intercourse and knowledge. The term friendship expands, including kinds as well as degrees. Human nature grows to have an absolute interest of its own; we love to study and speculate upon it apart from the particular gains we have made in the name of friendship or of love. We prize the friends we have gained and those we have missed.

There are times when we feel quite rich in our potential friendships. We recognize these might-have-beens among our friends without the formality of an introduction, often without encouragement from them. There are as many unrequited friendships as loves in the world. A friend of the two introduced Gail Hamilton to Miss Hoar, hoping, as she loved and honored both, they would love and honor each other. But things which are equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other in the realm of the affections. Miss Dodge wrote her friend that though she often met Miss Hoar she could not get acquainted with her. "I can only walk round her." I have myself come no nearer several beautiful and cherished friendships. Some impassable barrier keeps me at a distance,

where I can only hunger and yearn. The wish for a closer bond is continually baffled; I can only "walk round" the object of my heart's desire. We are told it is good for us to hunger and yearn. We are left to divine the richness of a nature that is spent not for our benefit; we see the love-light in eyes that never meet ours, and feel the warm clasp of a hand in which ours never rests. Yet, I say unto you, even these have their reward.

> Dear are love's gains, but love's longings are more,
> God's answer brings less than man's prayer.

Another interesting and important category is found in our repaired friendships. Almost as large an element of romance enters into friendship as into love; the quarrels of friends may be as tragic as those of plighted lovers. A repaired friendship is not to be despised; the temporary breach may be healed by a need that is fundamental and not to be denied. There may be a deeper tenderness, as well as a clearer understanding, between two friends who have fallen away from each other for a time, when each is big enough to dismiss the feeling of injury, to be thankful for the things that remain; as between husband and wife, who cannot always agree, whose temperaments often jar and clash, yet who would find it death to separate. The bond

may remain a true one without pretense that it is all-sufficing. The fear of estrangement dies with the wish to exact; we remember and we do not remember. We turn the mended pitcher to the wall to hide the seam; we can learn to practice the same tact and discretion with our broken and mended loves. Tact and discretion are the drawing-room equivalents of reason and justice, with more than a drawing-room value.

There are sadder cases, I know, where the breach proves irreparable, and the estrangement deepens with the years; but the chances are then that the two were alien from the first. The tie was never a real one. Friendship may make as many false starts as a premium trotter.

> "What shall we do with our dead,
> The dead who have never died?"

Accept the counsel of one who centuries ago bade us leave the dead to bury the dead, and follow him. The words have a harsh sound, even from him, but our business, even the business of loving, is with the quick.

WE need not fear to fail in feeling; we are less likely to fail in feeling on any subject than in understanding. If we have outgrown certain kinds of emotional experience, certain pleasant little thrills and tremors that once ran the scales so readily up and down our various nerves and sensibilities, it is because time has tuned us for deeper melodies. To change our figure, we have stepped from out the shallows where we played as children, we have dared to lose our footing, to cast ourselves abreast the great main; those deeps of stillness that lie far out to sea, nowhere so noisy and demonstrative as alongshore.

There are friendships which remain after the first good has been exhausted, whose main worth lies in a tender recollection. We may live through and past a relation once very precious and still too dear to disown. The old help and stimulus are not there, and we are conscious of failing response in ourselves to another's need, but habit and the spirit of faithfulness bid us cling.

Mr. Bryce, in his monograph on Mr. Gladstone, says few people form new friendships or opinions after thirty-five, though his subject-hero did both. "No friend like the old friend," we say, but that is

as it may be. It is as hard to feed a waning human interest as any other fading belief or ideal. We may summon sympathy and conscience to the task, but feeling is not to be replenished from the storehouse of duty. As well try to rekindle the summer's scented heats with the winter's woodpile. Youthful fancy, which once painted every object with myriad dyes and saw the shine of pure gold in every bit of tinsel, has served its day, has shut up shop and gone out of business. Yet most of the old attachments survive, if only in the form of a question-mark, which asks why they ever existed.

THERE was a white and gilt china shepherdess on the marble-top table in my childhood's home, with eyes as blue as blue paint could make them and a dab of vivid carmine on either cheek. She wore tucked-up skirts, which displayed a pair of neat ankles, and carried her crook over one shoulder with a jaunty grace. Time was when the little china shepherdess was my model of artistic beauty and delight; I paid all my æsthetic devotions at her shrine. To-day I prize the possession of a six-armed, fish-tailed Indian idol, wrought in bronze, with squat forehead and a sinister eye—I have

grown in artistic taste and judgment, it will be perceived. The bronze idol stands beside my fireplace and meets the approval of my cultivated friends. Were the china shepherdess still living—I accidentally struck her with a dust-brush a few years ago and killed her—I should be meanly ashamed of her and hide her in some dark corner. I should have grown very tired of that inane little smile, that air of playful, skippy young maidenhood. How shall I feel about my bronze idol a few years from now, I wonder?

All this applies and fails to apply. I still think kindly of the china shepherdess, the more so, I dare say, that she was long since reduced to her native elements in the dust and ash barrel. It speaks well for our human nature that we never outgrow our idols, done in porcelain or flesh. I have always liked that old story of the Philistines and their god, Dagon; of their unchanged love for the deity of their own worship even after Jahweh, the stranger-god, was proved the stronger. Promptly they raised the bruised and broken Dagon to his place again, setting the poor, maimed stump upright. What did the Philistines care if Jahweh was the stronger? Dagon was their own. Most of us number a Dagon or two among our personal loves, and play Dagon's

part, very likely, in other hearts that know all our faults but give us first place still. Love has never been in the habit of measuring its object by the general opinion. It is not perfection we seek, still less other people's notions of perfection, but a temper and spirit that respond to our own. Often the "dear old imperfections," of which George Eliot speaks, are the very salt of our admiration and regard.

NOT all of our inheritances from the past are of the china-shepherdess order, though it is in this direction we look for most of our art patterns and ideals. Modernity is a new word, describing an interesting phase of the world's mental life; but it is not an essential quality in our friends or stock of curios.

There was, and is, my childhood's dearest mate, Florinda. Once our minds reflected each other as clearly as the stream the bending branch above; our lives flowed in one channel of girlish dream and desire. Together we bent heads over the page in Télémaque, and exchanged the views and heart-confidences of sixteen along with our rings and hair-ribbons. The years passed, the stream widened between us, as in Jean Ingelow's poem; we could

no longer walk with clasped hands. When chance brings us together from time to time—and it is no reproach to either that we leave it mainly to chance—our hearts rush out to each other with the old fondness and delight, we speak each other's given name, which sounds strangely in the ears of both, we embrace and kiss. At a bound we leap into that far-off time, memory darts upon this and that trivial happening of the past: "Do you remember?" and "Do you remember?" At the same time we note each other's whitening locks through spectacled eyes that bring time's ravages into full view. We frankly admit we are no longer young. In the same breath each declares the other is not a bit changed; a loving little lie, but sung in duo it deceives no one, as a double negative makes an affirmative.

These seasons of reunion are always short. Is each secretly a little relieved at this? We say goodby while we are still in the glow of happy reminiscence, before we have got round to present-day topics, on which we know we differ widely. I am not interested in the Anglican movement, and have a strong theological bias against the red lady with whom Florinda has been cultivating friendly acquaintance during these years. On her side,

Florinda cares no more about Herbert Spencer and political equality than about the way the residents of the Milky Way make their butter and cheese. We both dislike controversy, though no one gives me the credit of it. Florinda dislikes it so much that she enters into it never; and I none the less that the imp of some new conviction or idea keeps me forever engaged in it. I, too, would like to sit at ease and think the world can get along without me.

At bottom, Florinda and I are still akin. We agree as much as we differ, with a reason for both the likeness and the difference. We received the same sort of training when young, in radical beliefs, social and religious, of the then most pronounced kind. We suffered the same unnatural stress the young mind feels, bred in an atmosphere of debate, forced at every turn to explain or defend a contrary opinion. Each suffered also the petty social slights and disesteem which to the holders of views differing from the majority were real and painful enough a generation ago. Such an experience when young produces one of two results: Either the youthful mind, feeling the constant stir and friction of new ideas, adjusts itself to this uneasy environment and accepts it as its natural habitat, or it revolts. Florinda revolted. The field of polemics offered

[illegible] and mystical [illegible] is less a mat- [illegible] Florinda [illegible] She wan- [illegible] teachings of her [illegible] For [illegible] statements. [illegible] inherited radical- [illegible] Christina Rossetti [illegible] wipe out. [illegible] *careless of* [illegible] ancestors [illegible] as her own [illegible] with cool disre- [illegible] conventions. [illegible] *grandfather,* [illegible] read Thomas [illegible] and attend [illegible] would require a [illegible] *of Florinda's* [illegible] *She is as* [illegible] *morning* [illegible] *in most* [illegible] *a leader-on in* [illegible] *with its clubs*

When she is with me Florinda wakes up from her preoccupation with the age of Fra Angelico and makes polite inquiry about this other world, professing great admiration for its energetic inhabitants. "You are so busy, you accomplish so much! I read an account of your last club meeting; you are going to establish municipal reform and put a stop to the Boer war." The praise is more sincere than it sounds in the ears of one who has helped establish so many things that do not stay established, but I accept Florinda's compliments at their face value. I tell her about our work in the reform department, and the trouble we are having in the Model Lodging House; I kindly outline the paper I am to read on the Psychology of Ibsen, and she seems much impressed. Thus we skim over the thin spots in the ice, glance across each other's mental territory, noting boundary lines we are too wise to try to cross. There is one small spot of ground that is our very own. Florinda keeps her own place in my heart, one little room which she enters every day, as some casual thought summons her, which no one else ever occupies. And she, in turn, thinks as often and as kindly of me as I deserve; and it is true there is no friend like the old friend.

THERE are other spirits in memory's vasty deeps who will arise if I call them. Among others, one or two teachers.

Most of us, looking back to our school-days, can recall the time when conscience and ambition suddenly awoke, when we became all at once aware of what we were doing or should be doing, when something like an earnest purpose began to germinate within. Before this we lived in the irresponsible ease of childhood; the applause and fellowship of our playmates, as ignorant and careless as ourselves, was enough. Then a new vision dawned upon us, new meanings began to blossom from the text-books. Study changed its character and grew from a hated task to a pleasure. The teacher who had been a dreaded monitor, whom it was a proud feat to circumvent and tease, changed to friend, whose good opinion was coveted.

Such was the period of my own happy pupilage under Principal P— and his assistant in the east recitation-room, Miss L—. The latter heard the lessons in Télémaque and taught the botany class. Botany was a distinct and separate science then, standing on its own merits. I learned from one of my university girls the other day that it was but one little room now in the vast storehouse of physical

research, called "biology." We knew nothing of biology in those days—in an ungraded school in a small town in one of the Western Middle states. Plants were plants, and animals were animals. The three kingdoms were positively defined and clearly outlined with the aid of diagrams, which were great fun to draw on the black-board; a few large, central spaces for order and genera, and a lot of cunning little compartments at the sides and corners, in which to house the numerous species and varieties. Genera and species were well understood; we learned the definitions in the text-books and knew all about them.

Principal P— had the teacher's most needful gift, that of companionability with those he taught; enhanced in his case by the fact that he was a young man and unmarried. The conditions for learning are wonderfully facilitated under such circumstances, especially with the older girls; when each is avowedly in love with the teacher, conspiring openly for the place of favorite pupil. The daily recitation in Euclid became a fascinating exercise, and Hitchcock's Moral Philosophy as interesting as a novel.

Principal P— had charge of the astronomy class, which higher branch had its place in the common-

school curriculum of those days, as geology did also. Both are deferred to the later college course now, but thirty years ago the college was for the very few, in the girl's case for the very daring. Some neighboring academy or "female seminary" supplied most of us with the printed certificate called a diploma. We nibbled at all the sciences and ologies, including somebody's "Logic" and Butler's Analogy, where I learned the difference between a possibility and a probability which has done me good service ever since. I think the smattering did not hurt us.

The astronomy class used to take nightly walks under the stars to locate the Twins and the glowing orb in Andromeda's foot. We picked out the six visible members of the Pleiades group, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the seventh invisible one, to win the teacher's approval, and in pity for naughty Merope, who married a mortal and fell from those starry heights; also with the wish to restore her to her place, for her fault seemed very venial, and was a kind that carries punishment enough along with it. Florinda hated Euclid, but she liked the astronomy lessons very much. In a low, musical voice she would recite:

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silvery braid."

The rest of us couldn't quote poetry and looked enviously at Florinda. Her dark eyes shone with a more pleasing luster than the stars, and I think Principal P— thought so too, for he sometimes forgot to turn his own back to Sirius and Aldebaran. I never look up to "Orion, sloping slowly to the West" without thinking of our dear principal. He is a resident of one of those stars himself now, and deserves his translation much more than the naughty old mythological gods and heroes who live up there. I hope he looks down on me sometimes with the same old kindly smile.

Miss L— was one of the companionable teachers also, with a love of study that was contagious. The botany class went on weekly excursions to the woods. The woods were so near then, so wondrous deep and dark, as full of fearsome joy and mystery as the primeval forest. The treetops touched the skies; we wandered miles in tangled, shadowy depths, while still within call of our homes.

The fragile wind-flowers were our first spoil; the slender, brown stems holding up dainty cups of pink and white, swaying back and forth in the boisterous

winds, drawing their life and beauty from that rough contact. The blue and white violets—johnny-jump-ups—were near by, snuggling together at the foot of some tall oak, whose branches still kept the sharp metallic rustle of last year's leaves, waiting for the new buds to grow a little stronger and push them off. How easy to point the moral of these delicate but hardy blooms, springing from the frost-crusted earth, nourished by the buffeting winds and bleak sunshine of early May, "that pious fraud of the almanac."

The pale trefoil or trilium was a choicer growth, a Venus's fly-trap, or anything in the pitcher family rarer still. Jack-in-the-pulpit was also something of a find, though he held his head up bravely, courting discovery and the call to another field. The purple crane's-bill grew in sunny spaces between the trees, great bunches of horse-chestnut hung over our heads, the blue flag tempted us into wet and marshy places, where we held our skirts high and looked out apprehensively for snakes.

I BELIEVE the new science of pedagogy names excursions of this kind "Nature Studies," but we called it "going to the woods." Pedagogy was another undiscovered science in those far-off and simple times. Teachers did nothing but teach then, though the pupils did not always learn, which I am told is the case still. Child-study had not yet come into vogue; the boy and girl were taken for granted, among other natural products, like beets and potatoes. The child's mind was regarded somewhat like an empty bag to be stuffed with anything that was useful and handy; words of three syllables and "intellectual arithmetic" on week-days, the catechism on Sundays. Such processes are properly frowned upon now. The modern ideal, we are told, is to impart the love of study, not its bare results, which may be the reason the results are sometimes so very bare.

A young mother was talking to me the other day about her little boy's progress in school. (In deference to the new methods, and in a wise policy, we agreed to call it progress.) Admiration for the number of new and startling things her small youngster of nine could do outside the usual course was checked in the mother's mind by the painful discovery of the number of plain, useful things he

could not do. He knew the Grecian and Nibelungen myths by heart. He could build a toy house from a few pieces of wood with only his jack-knife for tool, and cut wonderful pictures from red and green paper with a pair of scissors, illustrating the careers of the three bears and Jack the Giant-killer; but he could not spell words in one syllable, and the multiplication-table was an unknown waste, like the Sahara, which, I believe, the most advanced educators desire it to remain.

I could only commiserate my friend, for I knew she was on the losing side in the educational game of the day. Some time there may be a reaction in favor of the spelling-book, but just now it is as effete and unrespectable as the hickory-rod with which "the village master taught his little school."

The phonetic reformers tell us English spelling is too difficult to be a needful accomplishment any longer. It is unreasonable, therefore we need have nothing to do with it, nor attempt to meet any of its absurd and arbitrary demands. But the resident of the Western Slope has some pleasant memories of the Friday afternoon exercises, when we stood up in line, on opposite sides of the room, to "spell down"; we fail to see just how those innocent and improving contests hurt us. The modern peda-

gogue, backed by the modern socialistic reformer, would say they were not innocent, because they encouraged that spirit of competition which is at the bottom of all our miseries. The problem of the times, as these two conceive it, is how to make the child or man excel without the wish to excel; since the wish to excel might hinder or offend some one else who does not wish to excel.

That must have been a very bad and selfish age in which we lived forty years ago. In our games and our lessons we were continually urged to do the best we could, and since we manifestly could not do our best without risk of beating or getting ahead of some one else, we were told to beat and get ahead. We took our places eagerly in the line on the day of the spelling exercises. If it was our turn to "choose," we called out quickly the names of the best spellers, without the least consideration for the feelings of the other side. Then we rushed into the fray; we had but one wish and object, to defeat and utterly put to rout those who stood in the opposite line. We prayed fervently that the hard words might go to the other side and the easy ones come our way. Doubtless all this was as deplorable and bad as our altruistic friends contend, but it was good sport for the ungodly young

people who engaged in it—and we did learn to spell. So, too, we learned our six times seven and seven times nine, and have never been really sorry. We did not care if we did "just memorize" the names of the capitals and of the principal rivers by singing them in high, shrill tones; we did not know what else to do with them. We "parsed" sentences from Pope and Milton, and wrote "compositions" on Prudence and Perseverance and other instructive themes.

I am not saying the results of those early methods prove their merit. I should not like to be examined now in the use of the subjunctive or the rivers of Senegambia, and I look with envy on the little tots in to-day's school-room, whose eyes are trained to note all the beauty about them, and fingers trained to reproduce it; who can draw the trees and birds on the blackboard, mold figures from wax and clay, and employ themselves in a hundred and one helpful, beautiful ways, which tend to keep healthy curiosity alive and alert, and the young, growing minds in tune with the world about them.

It is with mingled feelings I listen to the debates in the teachers' clubs and conventions. It is immensely to the credit of the teachers that they are willing to give so much time and energy,

out of business hours, to the problems of their calling. There is no more tireless, self-sacrificing class of workers. The term "pedagogy" is itself rather new, and, with a long list of catch-words and technical phrases in its train, is well calculated to smite the uninitiated into admiring dumbness to begin with; and that is a great point gained. Though I do not always know just what these reformers are talking about, I listen respectfully, and in a religious spirit, trying to believe where I do not understand, having made it my business to stand by the reformers ever since I was in short clothes.

This is a talking age, and the pedagogues are doing their share of the talking, but in spite of the bewilderment and exhaustion which this platform eloquence entails on the listeners—and I sometimes think on the speakers as well—the main result is a good one: We are kept constantly in mind that the most important factor in our social structure is the little child.

MODES of discipline have changed, also, and, generally speaking, modes of discipline do well to change. We were just beginning to question the use and seemliness of the ferule and dunce-block back there in the sixties. Hor-

ace Mann and Bronson Alcott had arisen in the land to shame us out of our barbarism. Philosopher Alcott was the one, it will be remembered, who instead of punishing the bad boy, made the bad boy punish him. Moral suasion was the remedy proposed by the humane thinker for childish misdemeanors and for the graver offenses of the social malefactor; but the habit remained of putting the chief responsibility for his mistakes and ill-doing on the offender himself. When a boy misbehaved the fault was regarded as primarily his own; parent and teacher joined forces to correct and punish. To-day it is the unanimous verdict of all the teachers' clubs and mothers' meetings that whoever is to blame for the child's shortcomings, it is not the child. Sometimes it is a distant, long-buried ancestor, too long defunct and absent from this sphere to feel injured over the charge, and who could not well help himself anyway. Sometimes it is that vague and handy thing we call environment, which covers as large a multitude of sins as charity does, and lets the sinner off easily. Sometimes it is the ventilation.

There is something rather fine in this readiness of the adult mind to assume all the blame, a new kind of chivalry; but I often wonder where the child's sense of responsibility comes in, the self-

reliance inured in hardship. I dare say, however, this may be nothing but the prodding of a puritanic conscience, quite out of date, which loves to air itself, and test one's neighbor by hurting him a little.

I SHOULD be lonely if all my friends were of there miniscent order. "There are others," and whether they belong to the old time or the new, each fills a place no other could fill. There is no friend like the new friend either, gained in maturer years, when judgment is supposed to assist fancy. But I doubt if a strict judgment is very active in these matters, if we ever deliberately select our friends or are able to account for them in terms of their merits or our need. Something besides a well-trained mind helps here; the heart elects its own.

Half a dozen paces—by which I mean years—above me on the Slope Aureola's face beams down upon me, with the same look of girlish affection and fun it wore in earlier years on the other side of the hill.

I call Aureola my Happy Friend. Presumably she has had her share of pain and disappointment in a world which grudges no one in that respect, but trouble never sticks to Aureola any more than the glittering raindrops to a thrush's wing. I name

her my Happy Friend because she has that most desirable of human gifts, the power to extract pleasure from everything that is going on, to press the full, rich juice of the present from every passing moment. Aureola may not quite like my distinguishing her in this way, she may think it a reflection on her merits. None of us would like to be regarded as too prevailingly happy. The belief that we are unhappy, that destiny has been peculiarly unkind to us, is very common, and part of our stock in trade. So my friend may feel somewhat aggrieved not to be classified as heroically ill-used and virtuous as the rest of us, but she will not stop to argue the point. There is not an atom of sentimentality in her, and she has no taste for introspection. She is happy, not with pious intention, or even consciously perhaps, but simply through a temperament that responds to everything that plays upon it—books, people, events.

Nature and Destiny have been kind to Aureola. Destiny is apt to follow Nature's lead. To him that hath shall be given. Life is rich not only through the gift of responsiveness, but of performance. Aureola does so many things well that some of us think she might have won some of the prizes if she had tried; but Aureola never tries. She does

not make it her business to do things; the things done are incidental, like the combing of her hair, which she never takes any pains with. A nature so vital, in such friendly accord with its surroundings, wherever placed, wins its own rewards, and helps irradiate every other life with which it comes in contact. Gifted with the pen, such a nature flows easily into rhyme:

"O the life one leads a-tramping,
  Tramping a country road,
A-faring in gipsy fashion
  With never a gipsy's load!
Set free as the winds in springtime,
  Heart glad as the day is long,
Rejoicing in rain and sunshine,
  In tune with the robin's song!

"O the things one sees a-tramping!
  The green, wild things that grow,
The gleam of the tall field-lily,
  The tangle of ferns below;
The gay, glad life of the treetops,
  The shadows that slowly fall,
The long, still slope of the meadow
  And the blue sky over all!

"O the things one hears a-tramping!
  The whisper of woodland trees,
The laugh of a happy brooklet,
  The murmur of sleepy bees;
The roll of the distant thunder,
  The drip of the silver rain,
The startled rush of a squirrel,
  Then bobolink's note again!

"O the things one feels a-tramping!
The joy of the country road,
A-faring in gipsy fashion
With never a gipsy's load!
Delight in the world of beauty,
A rapture of love and praise,
And a will to make life the truer,
For the glory of common days."

That is Aureola, and she lives in Boston. That is irrelevant, but so honorable a circumstance deserves mention. Boston is the spiritual mecca to many of us who live on the Western Slope. That genial wit, Tom Appleton, said Boston was a state of being, not a locality. Being my mecca it is but natural there should be times when I love it best and wish I lived there; but Costanzia rebukes me, and tells me it is my duty to love Chicago.

"As though Chicago ever asked any one to love her! She is satisfied if we admire and brag of her; I'm sure I've done my share of that. For twenty-five years I have walked her muddy streets, buffeted her raw and hateful winds, smelled her nasty river—"

"The river is much improved," said Costanzia, who is nothing if not literal. "It was almost blue under Rush Street bridge when I walked over it the other day—"

"Costanzia, if I have got to print a lot of little

foot-notes to every remark I make, you had better go down town and buy me a printing-press."

Costanzia is not exactly one of my neighbors. The bond is closer. We are, in a way, twins—Siamese twins I sometimes think we might as well be, for the bond is inseparable, and Costanzia is always around. I love her, of course. She is my mentor and guide, my "higher self." Every one should have a higher self. The position is not an easy one for her, but I know she will never desert me.

Of course the river is improved. A little matter of turning a river's current and making it run the other way is nothing to us. So we are filling in the Lake Front because there is not room for us on the prairie. Chicago is big, and splendid, and great; bright, hospitable, progressive, the world's metropolis in the rapid making! There are no women like hers the world over, so advanced and fearless in opinion, yet so sane; so full of the spirit of human kindness, and active in all good works, yet so free from false sentiment and all manner of pretense! Aureola lived in Chicago at one time herself, and thinks it did her good.

Yet for all her very striking merits, perhaps because of them, some of us find it hard to keep up

with our brisk and enterprising city, especially since we have been living on the Western Slope. We grow unpatriotic at times, and half wish we lived in some quiet, provincial town, like Boston or Providence, or even Philadelphia, whose white wooden shutters and spotless marble steps are the symbols of a heavenly peace and leisure; too immaculately clean, however, to stand for godliness in any other than a Friends' community.

AMONG my fellow-travelers, of whose company I am very proud, is a small band of professional women, members of the working sisterhood, who are quietly appropriating to themselves all the opportunities in life they want, once the prerogative of men. The strong-minded woman is very much in evidence on the Western Slope, but she does not look her years nearly as much as women used to when they were nothing but women. Dr. Phœbe has gray hair, but she scouts my theory of the Western Slope. She says it may be true, but she has no use for it. She is so busy with her patients and hospital duties that she does not know what point she has reached on the hill's decline, nor care.

A multitude of doctors, a few lawyers, and a

small company of ministers make up this professional sisterhood. Women strong in the faith, devout believers in the new order of things which offers them equal chances with men, permission to choose a career and succeed in it if they can. The women doctors lead in numbers and popular approval, for people will get sick, and woman is the chosen ministrant of the sick-room. Her doctor's diploma offers but an extension of natural rights. The woman doctor has come to stay. So, too, I doubt not, have the woman lawyer and woman minister, though their success will not be so easily won, nor do the women themselves seem as yet quite to the manner born. The atmosphere of the court-room is distinctly masculine, apart from the tobacco-smoke and the spittoon. But in matters legal, as medical, the woman's counsel is coming to be prized; her more sympathetic interest in matters involved, her friendly wish to help, possibly her surer moral fidelity. There is no rank nor calling in life where the woman's presence and influence are not needed. The fact that such presence sometimes breeds mischief is of no importance except to people always on the lookout for things disagreeable. The modern Portias may sometimes show a mixture of traits, allying womanly truth and cunning, braving

the world to serve a near personal end along with the demands of justice; but if we may trust the story of their Shakespearean prototype, their men-lovers will not love them the less on that account.

The woman minister is doing good work, and the work is a kind that is fitted to the woman's nature. Since congregations are made up chiefly of women, it is easy to understand why men ministers are as a rule preferred. The place which the woman minister fills is often a small and obscure one, but it is fair to add that the smallness and obscurity are as much due to the unpopular nature of the gospel message she delivers as to the fact that she is a woman. For the woman minister is generally of the liberal persuasion, where few men win a large hearing or salary. She has broken bonds, spiritual as well as social. She lives and carries on her work for the most part in the West, somewhere on the broad, hospitable plains of Iowa or Kansas, where she feels more at home, and is made to feel more at home, than in the convention-loving East.

The question with regard to the new woman, in whatever work she is engaged—knowing herself the mark of public observation, usually more critical than kindly, and hampered with the innovating nature of her task—is not whether she is the equal of the best

men in the same line of work, who have the sanction of the ages to sustain them, and work under the stimulus of popular admiration and regard; the question is whether the results she has thus far achieved bear a fair and encouraging relation to her efforts and opportunities. It is not strange that the great prizes of a high calling seem not for the woman's sharing just now. Doubtless it will be long before women rank with the great preachers of the Word; but preaching is only one phase of the minister's work. There is an inner, personal side to this work, more important than the pulpit's, where women, I believe, are better fitted to serve than most men. It is proverbial how the man minister hates the pastoral side of his labors, the visiting, tea-drinking side. The woman minister may not be wholly enamored with this set of duties, but she can fulfil them with a natural ease the man cannot or will not acquire. The social side of the church cannot be minimized or ignored. Perhaps the church rightly ministered unto should have both man and woman at its head, the offices of spiritual healing and instruction divided between the two. If the "Institutional Church" is the one that is to survive there will be room for more than one leader.

St. Bernard is working day and night to lay the

foundations of this church, the Church of Human Endeavor. Like his shaggy, four-footed namesake, he is a hunter of men and loves the scent of danger. St. Bernard also disputes my theory of the Western Slope, with a fine impatience and scorn. Life to him is symbolized by descent at no age nor period. It is uphill all the way. He says this, not in complaint of the universe nor the way it is built, but because he likes climbing.

> "What had I on earth to do
> With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?"

he asks with his favorite poet. St. Bernard is of the strenuous type, and was long before Mr. Roosevelt invented the term.

MY directory is not complete, but enough has been said to show we are well companioned, going down the hill. Best companioned in grateful and loving thoughts, that look not all backward but run on before, beckoning us to follow. They whisper us to have no fear, that all is well.

All human loves rise and merge into one that is higher, more abiding and calm. If we lean less on these human loves as we proceed, it is not from ingratitude nor self-sufficiency, only because some

inward support has grown stronger. So we prepare for the last brief journey each must make alone, upheld and made unafraid by those forces of soul and character we are now gathering.

Drawing every day a little nearer the unknown, its mystery allures us more and more, losing dread and growing in a kind of sweet invitation. It hushes the old unrest, alleviates hurts and wrongs once hard to bear. We cease to be mere earth-travelers; we never were. Assurance of our spiritual estate grows. Life has been good to us, after all. We have fed at a bountiful table, though we were never more hungry than now. But that, I suspect, is what the Host who invited us meant.

THE LOST FOUNTAIN

"Oh, joy, that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!"

THE Fountain of Youth is not lost; neither is it in Florida, where Ponce de Leon sought it. It is much nearer home, its source is inward, like the kingdom of heaven.

We drink from its restoring waters every time we are able to put ourselves in sympathetic relation with the young life about us. The continual presence of childhood and youth in the world affects us like the return of spring or the arrival of a holiday. Expectation is fed anew, and the season of happy preparation never ends. Youth is a symbol of hope the world will never lose.

Faust sold himself to the devil to renew the joys of young manhood, but the compact was one neither party could carry out. Youth is not to be regained by any such arbitrary and artificial means. Margaret's lover looked and behaved like a newly fledged Romeo, but kept the sophisticated, not to say cyni-

cal, understanding of the old man. He philosophized with his sweetheart about God and the nature of the soul much as he used to with Wagner in his study.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller has worked out the same theme in his novel "The Last Refuge," if a work of this writer's tentative, ruminative quality can be so positively classified. The man of forty, hungry for a kind of happiness he can no longer achieve in his own person, weary and world-worn, but loving the world still, seeks out a manly youth in whose company he lives and travels, trying to experience once more in this vicarious way the virile hopes and passions of earlier years. The ruse is not successful. The youngster of twenty wearies and bewilders the man of forty. We must content ourselves with looking on at the pursuits and pleasures of the young without the foolish wish to emulate or share. There is a stretch of high and difficult altruism in this I know, but reason and propriety both urge us to attain it.

We hear a great deal about the "serenity" which belongs to advancing years, but some of us who have numbered the years doubt just how real, though desirable, this particular grace or recompense is. A more tangible reward lies in the state

and consequence which the young allot to us, their elders and supposed superiors.

Is there not a pure delight of its own when the young seek our counsel and pour their happy confidences into our ears? It would hardly do, I think, to let these young people know how grateful we feel when they unbend to us in this way. Youth can be very gracious and kind when it tries.

I have the happiness to serve as accepted guide and mentor to a few of these needy young folk. No one but myself knows how poorly qualified I am for such a position, nor do these young petitioners upon my bounty ever dream it is they who are helping and benefiting me, adding fresh human interest to the old stores, which would soon grow empty and dry without such replenishment. Truly, it is I who am ministered unto, who am the beneficiary. And I could not be the recipient of these pleasing honors if I were still in the twenties. Then let me pluck and eat with thankful heart the fruit that grows on the bough of the fifties.

The girls that thus help to keep me a girl, are "typical" girls, of course; they could not well escape that, though the term is rather commonplace and is one I have never well understood. Typical young women abound. The individual is

threatened by the type, we are told; it is added that this is nature's law, which I do not believe. Too many of nature's laws are built of our ignorance, the unwise haste to reach a conclusion. We have a passion for pigeon-holing people, labeling them with the names that suit our prejudice or fancy. The hero does not ask us to call him hero, the saint, if a real one, prefers we should regard him as simply sane. Every heart knows its own measure of strength and weakness. Most of us could instruct our admirers where and when to admire, as we could teach our critics where and when to blame. We all sail under false colors, but tinged less with personal vanity than with the unreasoning praise of people who love us and are trying to be agreeable.

I think the theory that the modern young woman is more of a type than an individual arises from the fact that she is so busy. She cannot spare us the time to make her acquaintance in *propriæ personæ*. We only catch glimpses of her now and then, as she flits across the campus from one lecture-hall to another, or boards the early train, music-roll in hand or kit of artist's tools, on her way to the Art Institute or Fine Arts Building. The music-roll may be a lunch-box in disguise, whose contents are eaten at the stenographer's desk or in

the clerks' dressing-room, but the one who carries it is just as modern and typical.

There is a sound of rustling skirts in the halls of learning and trade, the sign of a feminine invasion, which troubles many good people; but as long as her skirts continue to rustle the alarm over the various encroachments of the new woman will be considerably allayed. She is a cunning creature—the new woman! She knows how to get the new things she wants without sacrifice of the old things she likes, the old claims and privileges that keep her enthroned in men's hearts as a being apart, of peculiar nature and desert. She lives in the big, bustling worlds of industry and trade without detriment to her ancient calling as drawing-room ornament and the home's priestess. Her adaptability is at once her immunity and her charm. How soon we grew used to the army of women behind the counters in the offices and shops! As soon, I doubt not, we should grow used to their absence were they to arise one day, like a flock of migrating birds, and fly away.

THE girl of the period is a varied and bewildering species. I do not, in truth, know two of a kind, except in broadest generalization. In that way, and to begin, there is the girl on whom all kinds of privileges have simply rained down from heaven and a rich father's pocket-book. The girl who from babyhood up has had the best of opportunities to study, to travel, to enjoy and improve herself; and who has always chosen the best. Just to have a good time, that is regarded as not only silly, but vulgar by the new order of young womanhood, intent on its responsibilities and the search for life's meaning. The fresh, unspoiled hearts that beat beneath silken vests, the wish to lead a sensible, useful life shown by so many of the high-born Mauds of the day, who have "fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life,"—these give some of us great joy and comfort in the counting.

Prosperity is a severer test than adversity. It is easier to struggle upwards in the world than to keep from slipping downwards. The girl who may queen it as she will in her own circle, yet who chooses to win her suffrages outside the kingdom of social ease and privilege, in ministration to starved and stunted lives, to which an hour's contact with hers offers a glimpse of things celestial, such girls exist in shoals

in our present-day society, which we are always abusing for its selfishness. And the girl with the trained mind, who has won her Ph.D., knows her Greek and Latin well, reads Goethe and Dante in the original, yet who is neither pedant nor blue-stocking; who is all girl still, full of laughter and fun, liking to dance and eat chocolate creams, do we not all know and rejoice in her? I sometimes think human nature is as hard to spoil of its virtues as to cure of its faults.

The Princess is one of these happy-fortuned, unspoiled girls of the period. She will read these pages—because I wrote them—and wonder whom I mean. I have praised the type so highly that I need not specialize further the traits of the single example. As I say, the Princess is one of a kind, the better praised that she stands not on her own merits alone, but helps to prove a rule. It's tiresome being an exception, even the kind that makes us appear better than our neighbors, which is never true and makes us feel needlessly lonesome.

Janetta is another girl with a bank-account and born to social empire, who wearied of receptions and pink teas. She preferred to teach an Italian kindergarten, which she assured me was far more fun, though she had to rise at six o'clock every

morning in all sorts of weather, and ride miles away from her pleasant, luxurious home into the heart of the dirty and wicked slum district. I remember the picture she made one morning when I went to see her, seated on the floor with her young charges playing a game. She looked like some nature-goddess, garlanded with those pretty human blossoms from the tropics.

Evelyn is still one more of the same order of girls, rich and beautiful, who wish to be something besides rich and beautiful. She became an early disciple of Tolstoy, and was fired with the wish to abjure all luxuries which the mass of her fellow-creatures could not share with her, to live the rest of her days in a righteous abstemiousness from things that make for class separation and pride. So Evelyn dresses in plain wool and gingham, wears her last year's bonnet, and does her own housework. For Evelyn is married. So is Janetta, who practices her kindergarten now in her own nursery, and is the better mother for the experience she had in mothering her little Italian waifs years ago. Janetta sent me her latest photograph a few days ago, taken with the latest baby in her arms. The mother's face was bent to the child's with tender, self-forgetting happiness, and the baby's eyes were

lifted up to bask and bathe in that holy radiance. I wonder how long we shall continue to go back to Raphael and Carlo Dolce for our Madonnas. I have placed Janetta's photograph under my copy of the Sistine, and it would be hard to say which I loved the most, or which helps most to preserve the ideal of a sacred, imperishable motherhood.

The Princess also lately found her prince, though he did not come to her through the forest nor waken her from a long, waiting trance with the come-at-last husband's kiss. I believe they met at the Charity Organization Society.

I don't see but what these useful, strong-minded girls get married as easily as any others. It is very gratifying, of course, but it is rather discouraging, too. I had relied on the Princess and Janetta and Evelyn to supply me with a kind of data I am trying to gather in support of the theory that girls need not marry, that they may make a career for themselves outside marriage, and that they are entirely competent to take care of themselves; but every one of them has failed me, though they have failed me in no other way.

My catalogue of bright and useful girls is a long one; Ruth, whom I saw the other evening with bare arms and neck whirling about the room in a waltz.

The next day I ran across her in the house of a sick friend, where she had been summoned in her professional capacity as trained nurse. She was dressed in her uniform of striped gingham, and white cap with flowing strings, and already had the entire household under her gentle and capable sway. She was the doctor's trusted lieutenant, the second in command. She could spare me but a minute, and hurried me out of the house.

"These girls!" I exclaimed, as I descended the steps.

Sallie and May are a pair of home-girls, who stay at home and help their mothers. There are a few of this kind left, and they are as good and useful as the rest.

Amy writes for the newspapers, not the beauty articles in the Woman's Supplement, but short, pungent editorials on social economics, as good as a man's, for which she gets a man's pay. Annie is a house-decorator, Belinda runs a settlement, and so on, world without end. Truly, "the air is filled with new-woman microbes," which we are all breathing in, and seem, in truth, to thrive on.

IN sharp contrast to the Princess and her kind, but not unpleasing, the image of another girl of the period comes before me. Life here has not opened like a flower in response to gentle invitations from air and sky. Frances is not one of Fortune's darlings, unless that lady on the wheel loves those best whom she treats the worst, like some mothers—not a bad test of motherhood. Step by step this other girl has worked her way up, from the primary through the high school, and then through college, two stern task-masters ever at her side, poverty and an ideal. A self-made woman! We worship the self-made man, base and pinnacle of the republic, but imagination quails a little before the self-made woman, who has "carved her own career," met and conquered the world on its own terms. Frances has done this, without injury, as I see, to that precious thing we call womanliness, if womanliness is proved in a still, unobtrusive manner and gentle speech. My own opinion is these are its signs, not its substance.

My friend's choice of a life work was so unusual and difficult that her university degree left her still in the preparatory stage. Years of special drill and study still stretched before her; the old life of toil and hardship was to go on. That is the way with

the strong ones, I have perceived. "They go from strength to strength."

If Frances had asked me at the end of her college course what she had better do next, I should have been prompt to answer: "Get a position at once, as easy and lucrative as you can find. Make the degree you have won do you a needed service in turn by earning you a good living. Rest now on the fruits of your labors. Stop stinting yourself of every reasonable comfort, eat more food, wear better clothes, live and enjoy yourself like other girls." But she did not ask my advice. People seldom do when I have the kind they need. Instead of asking my advice, Frances merely called on me one morning to announce her decision. She calmly informed me she had decided to be a criminologist.

"A what!" I gasped.

She repeated the term.

"Will you be kind enough to explain?"

She did that readily. First, she unrolled a lot of charts, done in red and black ink, mapping out the human brain and other portions of our mortal anatomy, showing where all our evil passions dwell, the dark and secret chambers in which they lurk when not on duty, the delicate nerve-tracks on which they travel outwards to materialize themselves in

dreadful deeds, such as break all the commandments and pile up the records of the police-courts. Next, she took from her bag a queer-looking apparatus, a system of weights and measurements, which she proceeded to explain; something the psychological experts have devised to entrap the helpless malefactor into complete, unconscious betrayal of everything that is bad and reprehensible in his nature. Every evil impulse and desire, every little layer of bad inheritance, every abnormal and brutal instinct, all are laid remorselessly bare. As she talked and explained, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shone.

"It's such an interesting study!" she exclaimed, as she paused to take breath.

"It looks so," I replied. "It looks as interesting as—logarithms or the integral calculus." Frances looked hurt.

"I think it is very interesting," Costanzia said, who was standing near. "And I think it is very much to the credit of any young woman to take up such a work."

Frances took heart at this, and went on to tell us of her plans. She said she was going to spend her vacation in Joliet, and she looked as pleased as if she was going on a pleasure trip to Europe. She had gained permission from the authorities to pur-

sue her investigations among the inmates of the penitentiary. She showed us a piece of mechanism for measuring what she called the degree of emotional reaction. "We place this on the subject, so; then we fix his attention on some object, or we read to him, or tell him an exciting story. Perhaps we startle him with a cry of 'Fire!' or with a pin. This little indicator records the exact amount of physical disturbance, which in turn determines the emotional reac—" I could bear no more.

"And do you think that is right?" I asked. "What have the criminals ever done to you that you should spy on them in this way? How would you like it if you were a criminal yourself? A convicted criminal, I mean, who had been caught and locked up, for we are all the other kind."

Frances looked at me in displeased surprise. "Our studies are pursued in the interests of science," she said, with a touch of hauteur. "The sentimental aspect does not interest us. There is no field that promises richer results. The entire subject of penology is misunderstood, both in its reformatory and deterrent phases. We are still in the dark ages. We think only of punishing the criminal, so called, of avenging ourselves, whereas, the true aim—"

"For pity's sake, stop! I don't care anything about the criminal, 'so called,' but I do care a little about you. Will you tell me how, if you are going to spend all your life studying, you expect to earn a living?"

"I have always been able to earn my living," she replied, with gentle dignity.

"Oh, I see; you are like Agassiz, you have no time to make money."

Frances did not seem to understand; Costanzia looked at me reproachfully.

"I shall help Professor X— in the laboratory, and I shall write and tutor a little, as I have done before." I knew what that meant.

"Who is Professor X—?"

I was told he was one of the greatest living authorities in this country in this precious study of criminology, who would rank with Lombroso some day.

"Oh, indeed! Well, I know who Lombroso is—but I never cared much for him." I could not let Frances think I meant to encourage her. She was gathering up her charts and measurements, and did not reply. I think she felt it did not matter.

When she was gone Costanzia took me severely to task. She said I was unfeeling and unreasonable; that a girl like Frances should have the warmest

encouragement from all her friends. She praised her pluck, her industry, her singleness of aim. She said my way of looking at it was very poor and sordid, and that she was ashamed of me. I suppose she was right. My young idealist is having her own way; the idealists always do. She is still at work with her charts and measurements. From time to time I see something in print from her pen; the kind of article only the initiated can understand, dealing with an adept's theme. It represents the labor of months and wins the writer a money recompense that covers the needs, perhaps, of a week. Frances looked tired and a little thin when I last saw her, but I knew better than to express any pity for her. The bright fire, not of genius—I do not wish to praise her unduly—but of an unconquerable purpose, shone in her eyes; joy in her chosen work, the sense of growth. I wanted to shake her, but was afraid I should end by embracing her. I saw an item in the paper the other day, saying that Professor X— had received a new degree at some German university, where, Frances says, they know how to weigh and measure criminals better than we do. "Frances will do that some day," I said. "It will be just like her. She will be a distinguished scientist, a woman scientist, like Mary Somerville and

Maria Mitchell. Then how proud I shall be of her! I shall boast that I have known her since she was a child, and have always believed in her. Perhaps I will give her a reception."

THE ink was drying in the last sentence when Pendennis entered, my young literary friend.

"A la bonne heure!" I cried. "You are just in time."

"Time for what?" he asked, smiling.

"Time to stir again the waters of the lost fount and prove it is not lost." He looked puzzled, but I did not explain.

"Also, to remind me that there are young men in the world as well as young women."

Pendennis said if he could keep me in mind of that he should feel he had not lived in vain. Why, he often asks me, has the modern woman such a passion for her own sex?

I confess I do not know young men very well, and I am afraid of them besides. Their self-importance is so crushing at one time, their politeness so overpowering at another; and all of them can, on occasion, be so unaccountably shy. Shyness seems native to young men only. I do not know any

young women who are troubled or who embarrass their friends in that way.

But though I do not understand, nor always approve him, I find myself very sorry at times for the young man of the period. His place in the business world is not an easy one. Success is not quickly won nor merit always recognized. In our heated advocacy of the girl's claims we have assumed that the advantages are all on the boy's side; but the boy comes in rougher contact with the world from which he is trying to wrest a living than the girl does, though she is often subjected to something worse. The boy is inured to hardness from the first; he must make the plunge, sink or swim, bring up the diver's pearl if he can. A girl seldom makes the real plunge; she does a little experimental paddling near the shore. Often she is but playing at earning a living, where it is grim earnest with the boy. No wonder he thinks she gets in his way.

There is always the possible husband in the girl's case, no matter how many times he turns out an impossible husband after she has married him. Philander stands under the window, in the moonlight, strumming a guitar: "Oh, come with me and be my love." It's enough to distract any healthy-minded girl.

But the boy need not complain that his lot is the harder, for after all, nature has given most to the man. He is her favorite child. The Hebrew mother prayed always for a man-child. There is no record that any of the Sarahs or Hannahs of old ever prayed for a girl-baby, whose advent even now is often announced with apologies. I only wish young men, born to empire, understood the full worth, beauty even, of their estate. There is no finer creature under the sun than a young man, modest and brave, whose strength, like Galahad's, is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

The Arthur and Galahad ideals are growing. There are several Galahads among my acquaintance, whose innate nobility of character is sometimes marred, however, by a singular weakness. Young men of aspiring but too sensitive natures, who long to espouse some high and difficult cause, but with a fatal habit of self-questioning, Hamlet's skill in wayward debate and indecision!

I recall one of these whose real wish is to be a minister, but he has doubts about biblical inspiration, and cannot think out the great questions of God and Soul to finished conclusions. It covers him with cold perspiration to think of mounting the pulpit

stairs and opening his lips in prayer. He does not know that the best ministers always feel in this way. I doubt the efficacy of any minister's prayer, except as mere pulpit performance, who really enjoys that exercise and is reputed to have a "gift" for it. There is a natural reverence in my young knight, so eager to set out on the quest; his habitual mental attitude is that of prayer. He cares only for the things of the spirit, not at all for money or place. I doubt if he ever rises above the modest clerkship he now holds, his heart is so much more deeply engaged with his evening class at the Settlement. His vacations are spent at some Country Rest, in charge of a lot of newsboys taking their holiday. In ways like these Galahad tries to realize half his dreams and longings, stifling the other half. A good dry-goods clerk is being rapidly spoiled and the chance for a higher vocation lost.

I wish Galahad were more like Frances, though I scolded her, letting the lower love outrule the higher. I wish I could impart to him a little more self-confidence, of the right kind; the kind that bids us cling to our best conception of ourselves, our highest ideal. The well-inclined need to be sustained in their good intentions as much as the ill-inclined need to be re-

strained. A pure heart does not always engender a resolute will. Our very virtues may stand in our way. Too many of us are content to rest in the few good qualities with which we were born; and, truth to say, it is not easy acquiring others.

But the modern Galahad by no means always fails in the courage of his convictions; and like the knight of old, his search for the Holy Grail is through the abolition of living errors and wrongs. He is to be found in the Municipal Reform Leagues and Civic Federations. He holds himself in high and cleanly fashion above the cheap and vulgar temptations that assail young men, yet mingles freely with his kind, without a shade of self-righteousness or moral pedantry. He neither flaunts his determination to lead a useful and upright life in the world's eye, nor shamefacedly hides it. A new order of young manhood is arising, as well as of young womanhood; fit to mate and match each other.

MY fears for Pendennis are not along the line of a failing self-confidence. I am watching him closely nowadays. He is twenty-four years old, and is passing through a period more dangerous than the measles or whoop-

ing-cough, his first literary success. A thin volume of poems, entitled Moths and Butterflies, was issued from the press a few months ago and received high praise from the people who are supposed to know. The result is that Pen is behaving a good deal like a butterfly himself, drinking eagerly of the sweets proffered in every flower that opens her fragrant breast to him, disporting himself gayly in the sunshine of his little day.

The critics praised Pen's verses in a way that pleased him mightily. Moths and Butterflies, we were told, was a striking example of a young writer's merit and skill, especially in the manipulation of verse-forms. He promised to become an adept in the handling of metre and rhythm. He had a pleasing choice of words, a dainty fancy, a light but secure touch, or a secure but light touch, I have forgotten which. There were distant allusions to Herrick and John Suckling that made the boy-poet want to turn a somersault.

Pendennis really thinks he has done something, and there are plenty of people to flatter and keep him in this opinion. He is quite sure he knows where he stands. He recites his literary creed like a little man, and carries all his literary desires and aspirations around in his vest pocket. Of course it is

all art for art's sake just now with Pendennis. He is a fierce advocate of Romance, but his behavior is as realistic as any one could desire. That is because a writer must know life. To this end Pen has taken to reading French fiction and smoking cigarettes, to his simple-minded mother's distress, who does not know whether to be most concerned for his health or his morals. He has joined that midnight pandemonium, the Black-Friar's Club, which sups on horrors and feeds fancy with the grotesque. Pen is doing all he can to make a man of himself, and a rising young author. He used to go to church with his mother and sisters, but he has stopped all that. St. Bernard, who christened him, is too much of a modern, his former disciple has discovered. If he felt the need of any religion at all, Pen tells me, it would be for something quite different from that supplied in the Church of Human Endeavor; something older and more deeply rooted in tradition, with plenty of incense and flowing vestments to give it color and make the right sort of appeal to the emotions. Religion should pay a great deal of attention to the emotions. When he listens to St Bernard he finds himself agreeing or disagreeing in a very positive way. This tires him and destroys his peace of mind. Religion is not meant to make us think. So

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Pen stays at home, reads Ernst Haeckel and Maeterlinck, and is hesitating whether to be a materialist or a mystic.

THE Western Slope has its own stock of literary traditions and ideals, which a later generation looks at with cool scrutiny and smilingly questions. But we know the hills whence cometh our strength. In a republic like ours the intellectual and political life spring from the same root. Each draws from sources avowedly ethical and spiritual. We look back to our New England forbears, we are proud of the heritage of faith and inspiration that has come down to us from Concord and the Transcendentalists. We love the taste of the Atlantic brine in what we read, to float on Walden pond, and take the "long walk" across the historic Common.

Pendennis is one of the gifted young people of his day who seem neither to know nor care who Emerson, Ripley, or Lowell were, or what they stood for. I doubt if Pen ever read an essay of Emerson's carefully through, and the only time I ever heard him speak of Lowell was one day when he took up an hour of my time trying to prove that The Cathedral was not a poem. These young people

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doubtless know what they want. They are busy "reviving" Byron and Poe, but some of us still hold in first allegiance the poets who will never need reviving.

I read the books of some of these young writers, coveting their finish and grace, but missing something that stands for true knowledge, and doubting the staying quality of much that I read. We live in a sophisticated age that often mistakes smartness for power. Its literary output from year to year is amazing. The art of saying things has about reached its zenith, but great things to be said still await their spokesman. The cultured mind of the day, looking forth in all directions, is fascinated and bewildered by the spectacle of things; it halts between desire and dread.

"Oh, Age, that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt;
And half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!"

Strange that an age so full of strenuous social effort should be marked by intellectual distrust! Art must help us here, even more than religion, for there are many who, like Pendennis, will heed the monitions of the one but not of the other. Art that is not ashamed to play the part of man's helper, lift

him from the slough of despond, the arid plains of worldliness. I have not found any great lifting power in Moths and Butterflies. The qualities which the critics praise are all there; other qualities, the critics would not have praised, had they found them, and I am afraid the writer knew that.

ENCOURAGED by his first success Pen naturally wished to make another. What should he do next? Should he try something in the line of the mystical, with a twilight forest for background, full of moaning whispers and with plenty of dead people lying around; or should it be something in the symbolical or allegorical line? Something very wicked or impossibly pious and pure? Should the characters be drawn from real life or a fantastic fairy-land, such as a certain order of literary imagination, assisted by a fanciful illustrator's art, so readily produces? Pen looked over his assets and decided in favor of an historical romance. The author will at least gain by this choice, for he will be obliged to do some hard and useful reading. There is to be a moated castle, a pretty array of knights and ladies, a pair of wicked monks, and a pious queen. Pen says the two wicked monks alone are worth the price of admission. I helped him look over his

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properties and arrange the mise en scène for I cannot help liking the boy.

"Where's the dragon?" I asked.

The dear fellow looked at me confidingly with his big blue eyes and said he had thought the matter over and concluded to leave out the dragon. The appetite of the modern reader is as undiscriminating as it is voracious, and may be trusted to swallow almost anything, but it might revolt at a dragon, especially if he had a tail.

"Couldn't you cut off the tail?"

"I might if I belonged to your school," he replied, sweetly. He added that it made no difference, for the dragon was a purely mythical conception anyway.

"No more so than your pious queen and that moon-faced thing you call a heroine."

"Oh, I know the kind of novel you like," he said, impatiently; "the Problem novel! Something like Marcella or Tess, but I shall never write anything like that," and he thrust his hands into his pockets with virtuous resolution.

"I am sure you never will. I like a novel that pictures life as I know it, that's all. I was born in the nineteenth century, myself."

"The nineteenth century did some things very well, but it made a big mistake when it tried to kill Romance."

"It never tried to do anything so silly. Because your poor little anæmic Goddess of Romance grew sickly and pale, you must set up a great hue and cry, and accuse some one of killing her. If the poor thing only knew it, she would be much more comfortable in her grave, instead of shivering around here in a scientific age like this, with nothing on but her thin draperies. What your Goddess of Romance needs is a good tailor-made suit."

Pen was indescribably shocked. He said if science was going to destroy the Ideal—

"The Ideal! The Ideal is very different from the Romantic. The Ideal is whatever pertains to the heart and soul life of man, all he fears, loves, hates. The Ideal isn't dependent on a literary cult. If you cannot find it in Tess and Marcella, I am sorry for you. Tess makes us agonize and yearn, she disturbs and shames us. She is a troublesome intruder upon the comfortable demesne of our decorous sympathies, so Art will have nothing to do with her; it brands her with all the literary epithets of the day, calls her a 'Problem.' "

Pen's reply was to the effect that a writer's first duty was to his art; he must study form. I asked him what he meant by form.

"You cannot define a thing like that, but every well-instructed mind feels it. Tennyson—"

"I was waiting for you to bring up Tennyson. 'Airy, fairy Lilian!' 'Where Claribel low lieth!' Those were the pretty nothings the master did when he was trying his hand. The real Tennyson is the one who wrote The Idylls and In Memoriam. I don't know whether you are going to write another In Memoriam or not."

"You might give a fellow time."

"My dear Pen, I will give you all the time there is; but why are you so afraid to be in earnest, so afraid some one may get a little spiritual nourishment from your books, learn something, want to lead a better life?"

"I'm not afraid; I'm sure I'm tremendously in earnest."

"All in the matter of metre and rhythm. Stir us up! Move, convince, convict us! Make us thrill! Make us tremble! Remember that 'Greeks are Greeks and poetry is power.'"

"Oh, Browning!" he said, with a shrug.

"Yes, Browning!"

"I suppose I had better set to work on a new Ode to Lincoln. You talk like Costanzia."

"I wish I were half as good as Costanzia."

I rose to take a few small volumes from the table near by, which I keep within easy reading distance. They were in pretty, fresh bindings, and two or three were almost damp from the press. It is dangerous to name names still in the making, but I opened one of the thin volumes and read a few lines aloud from An Ode in Time of Hesitation, and the whole of Gloucester Moors:

> "Jill o' the ground is purple-blue,
> Blue is the quaker-maid!"

I laid the book back in its place, by the side of Marpessa, Ulysses, and Marlowe—a young poet's tender and true interpretation of an old one. Oddly consorted with these, but at least showing a commendable catholicity of taste, was a volume of Pinero's, another of Bernard Shaw's, and some translations from Hauptmann and Sudermann.

"If it is present-day standards you are seeking, choose the best. Cut your poet's mantle from this kind of material. The patterns vary, but are of equal merit, and all are of a good wearing quality."

He looked a little sober, said I might be right, but kept to the defensive. He declared he belonged

to no school, had no theories, wanted none. I quoted a passage from Henry James—a devotee of form should listen to James. "Some of us are awkward writers, but yearning moralists; others are masters of a perfect style that has never reflected a spiritual spark." And this: "The great question as to poet and novelist is, How does he feel about life? What, in the last analysis, is his philosophy?"

"But I've heard you say you don't care much for James's later things yourself."

"Hush! Don't speak so loud. I should like them if I understood them. I know they are all right, because Mr. James wrote them. I don't know what has come over him—yes, I do, too. It's this very thing we have been talking about, just what I'm afraid of in you. It's the peculiar literary vice and temptation, the unreasoning devotion to all the little externalities, this thing you call 'form'; a passion for verbal niceties, the disease of intellectuality."

"Ah, but those early books! Roderick Hudson and The Portrait! Beautiful, sinning Christina Light! Didn't you want to throw that old cat of a mother off a high cliff into the sea? Didn't you want to take the poor little Cavaliere into your arms and rock him to sleep and put him to bed?

Rowland Mallett and Ralph Touchett! How can any writer create men like them and keep the heroines from falling in love with them?—" I stopped. Pen was staring at me as if I were crazy.

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Do you mean to say you have never read Roderick Hudson or The Portrait of a Lady?"

He flushed and frowned. "A man can't read everything, especially the old things. And in these days he has to read such a lot of stuff that's just out, because some fellow he knows wrote it. The other fellow reads his stuff. You bob up against a new writer every time you turn a corner."

"I see. Well, books were books in my day, and authors were authors. We didn't have to give the real ones the go-by because we were invited to dine with the writer of The Earthquake or When Folly Flies This Way. But I forgot you are only twenty-four. You don't live on the Western Slope." I rose and went to the book-shelves and took down a volume. The covers were a faded brown and the date on the title page was 1876. It is more than twenty-five years since I made the acquaintance of the ill-fated Roderick and his admiring, helpless friends.

"Don't you wish you had been living twenty-five

or thirty-five years ago, Pendennis? Wouldn't you have enjoyed reading Little Dorrit and The Virginians in serial form, as they were first published; and later on Middlemarch? Don't you wish you had been a reader of The Atlantic in the early days, when the names of the writers were not printed on the cover, out of respect to the mental perspicacity of the reader, who wanted to guess them? The writers were few, and the readers had plenty of time to guess. Fancy trying to guess the writers in a current number of The Century or Harper's! You don't care anything about it? You would rather be living now? I suppose that is natural. I don't blame you. You've been a good boy, Pen. You've let me do all the talking. You shall be rewarded. Now, take that manuscript out of your pocket and read me the chapter you have just finished."

He blushed and looked surprised. He said there wasn't any manuscript, he shouldn't read it, and how did I know?

"There, don't be foolish, my dear boy! Just take it out and begin." I took up my Kensington stitch and prepared to listen. Pen drew the folded sheets from an inner pocket, and with another engaging blush began to read. He is a nice boy. Perhaps I have been rather hard on him. Let him

worship the Goddess of Romance if he wants to, and potter over his beloved little triolets and rondels. He will outgrow all that. As long as he keeps up that trick of blushing and listens as well as he did to-day, I shall not lose hopes of him.

THE WAY WE HAVE COME: RELIGIOUSLY

"And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man."

THE theory of our theosophical friends, that the soul is developed in a progressive series of physical envelopes or incarnations, the door of memory shut fast behind at each succeeding stage, has always seemed rather plausible to me. If I mistake not, the theory postulates a far-off period to come, when memory of all that we have passed through will be restored; when we may look back over the path we have followed and see our past lives as so many units, the line of cause and effect easily traced. This will be the moment of complete self-realization, as the philosophers say.

Dante records an episode of this kind in the twenty-second canto of the Paradiso. He has reached the eighth heaven, and his fair worshiped guide tells him he is so "near the sum of blessedness" that it behooves him to be even more "vigilant and clear." To this end she bids him look

down and back over the journey's route thus far traversed:

> "I straight obeyed, and with mine eye return'd
> Through all the seven spheres; and saw this globe,
> So pitiful of semblance, that perforce
> It moved my smiles; and him in truth I hold
> For wisest, who esteems it least."

Doubtless we spend more time than we should in looking backward on the Western Slope, but few of us have reached the point of self-realization. Most of us are willing to postpone that season. Memory hinders as often as it helps.

> "They who look backward always look through tears."

That is a poet's overstatement, but it is true that our retrospects are apt to be rather teary. We cannot be very thankful even for good things received, which to our thinking usually fall short of our deserts.

Tangled and indirect as our life-journey may have seemed in its earlier stages, it grows somewhat straighter and more intelligible to a later apprehension. The long look backward imparts a kind of necessitous aspect, which gives an appearance of greater consistency than we had looked for; the element of necessity is discovered along with a clearer knowledge of ourselves. The doctrine of fate is a true one, but the fatal, determining factor lies in

the will. At every stage we incline to throw the responsibility on something besides this failing will. We peer through the iron bars of circumstance to call our neighbor's attention to the fact that we are bound and helpless, and to solicit his charitable judgment. Brave and simple admission of a fault as ours alone is very rare. The Lord should indeed not despise a broken and contrite heart, it is so seldom he finds one.

Repentance is one of the most insincere states of mind in which we indulge. Few people know how to be genuinely sorry or ashamed, or even to seem so. Observe the tone and manner of most people's apologies, and see how quickly and invariably the note of self-defense or self-justification creeps in.

But I am falling into the unpleasant vein of my friend Criticus. I mean to let him do all the carping and fault-finding. It is time to raise the previous question. The previous question is always one and the same in these pages. It is embraced in the general proposition, frequently stated and always implied, that life on the whole is a proved good, that at every stage it outranks our merit in the number of good things bestowed, to say nothing of evils withheld, punishments escaped.

It is but reasonable to conclude that the larder

of the future is supplied with all that man needs in his threefold capacity as spirit, intelligence, and higher sort of animal. The animal is being slowly refined away; the spirit, through a study of natural law, is coming into closer, because less sensuous, relation with the physical world, so the difference tends to become one of words chiefly, as in most analysis.

It is only necessary to make the retrospect long enough to show God—and that it is God—working through man and nature to bring the two into harmony and accomplish designs aiming at the highest good of both. "In the long run," we say, when we wish to gain the wiser and juster view.

THOSE were days of pioneer faith and daring on all lines back in the early sixties. The very word reform, now a badge of social honor and esteem, was thoroughly hateful to the popular mind and worn with much discomfort by its adherents. Yet in a way the outlook was more hopeful then than now. Our faith was so sure, the ends sought so clearly defined, we were so confident of ourselves! That is the pioneer's strength, firm belief in his idea, in the near triumph of his cause. He looks confidently forward

to the time when the dull, backward world will openly confess itself in the wrong and espouse his opinions as its own. That day never comes. Ideas do indeed triumph, principles prevail, but "causes" are always in arrears. And the ideas and principles seldom fulfil themselves in the way in which their early promulgators hoped.

The world is so big, human needs so various, human desert so widespread, if so small, time so long and impartially disposed towards all the reforms and theories! Our pet nostrum or belief grows alongside a hundred others, and the Good Gardener bestows the same care on each, as why, indeed, should he not? Every reform secures a few converts, but no rule or custom is allowed to gain full sway, to live too long and corrupt the world.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be."

That is hard on the system-makers. I am one of them and know their pangs.

What guides the world in the growth of opinion? A coarse and ready common-sense far more than the busy efforts of the reformers or the careful inductions of the wise.

We are voyagers in separate crafts, sailing down the same stream out to sea, but what is bearing us

on? Our own little boat—noisy tug, rudely built raft, spacious lady-liner—or the broad, swift current itself? And what is the current's name? Science? Democracy? Rather, the growing mind of man, which floats such banner-words at the mast-head, but finds in them neither haven nor motive-power.

NOWHERE has the progress of ideas been more rapid and brilliant during the last fifty years than along the line of our religious beliefs.

Those of us who were indoctrinated in the free but by no means undogmatic creed of rational religion more than a generation ago have had time not only to note this progress of ideas, but the ways in which they progress.

Where the world was aggressively orthodox fifty years ago it is confessedly liberal now. Theodore Parker used to describe the nights of childish grief and alarm when he lay awake and sobbing in his bed over the terrors evoked by the preaching of the popular doctrines of eternal wrath and infant damnation. This was in the beginning of the nineteenth century, but many children born in the middle of the same century suffered in the same way, though, happily, I was not one of them. Who preaches the

ancient doctrines now? What has wrought the change?

Not the faithful, high-hearted labors of one or two small sects, founded by a Channing or Ballou, with their open avowal of the religion of reason and love. As a member of one of the small sects it would be pleasant to think this, but a wider outlook forbids. Organized liberalism has always been weak, for organization menaces its first principle of individual judgment; the wish to proselyte, even to a happier creed, must be carefully guarded. Liberal religion has diligently cultivated its own plot of ground, it has secured the loyal adherence of the few, it is broad-minded, scholarly, humane, but it has never reached the popular heart; yet the popular heart to-day is as liberal as Channing was. I wish it were as devout.

The religion of love and reason has no tenets; it rests on a principle, a mode of thinking. As we so often say comfortingly to ourselves, "It is a movement, not a dogma."

"Why not even of yourselves judge ye what is right?" There are no words that have stirred the human consciousness deeper. I say human rather than religious because the question is man's. It is the mind's first inquiry, and has been the motive of

the world's social and political progress no less than of its religious growth. Our forefathers answered the question in one way in the Declaration of Independence. We absorb good from all sides. Laboring to free itself from one form of unjust control the mind loosens other false bonds. Protestantism and democracy spring from one root, bear the same blossom and fruit.

"Truth, Righteousness, and Love!" These are the great ideas which have led the world forward; not the creed and party cries of some new world-contest, in which kings and popes were overthrown, where man gained a small portion more of his rightful area in land or ideas.

We are growing ashamed of the things which separate, socially or religiously, whether born or indoctrinated into our differences. The most notable feature of the religious life of to-day is the tendency to unite, to "synthesize," as St. Bernard says. The Parliament of Religions gave us our first great impulse forward. A remarkable and wholly-to-be-unprognosticated event! Controversy has lost its interest, the era of religious brotherhood has set in, the sects emulate each other in hospitality and good manners. So, things get done in this world, but in their own time and fashion. We owe much to the

leaders of opinion, but the world's growth is "the general deed of man."

Years ago we who lived on the radical side of the fence looked confidently forward to the time when all the other church folds would break camp and come over to us. Then what a spreading of canvas there would be on our part, what hospitable welcome and cheer! We know now that day will never come, and for our sakes ought not to. In Lessing's Nathan we read how the good king loved all his children too well to bestow the ring of sovereignty on one alone. Fatherhood was so rich it made a ring for each of the three sons, leaving the character of the wearer to determine on which it was most worthily bestowed. Deed replaces creed, though the Westminster Catechism still stands and Paul's pugnacious remark about righteousness and filthy rags has not been expunged.

THE Church of Human Endeavor is of the newest pattern of religious breadth and inclusion. "Here let no man be stranger!" The membership is of all sorts and conditions; theist and agnostic, Jew and Gentile, conservative and radical, crank and idealist. For the crank,

to do him justice, is an idealist. and the idealist, heaven knows, is often a crank.

We are bound together by a common belief in a few ideas—more marked by breadth than lucidity, our critics say. Our creed is love to God and love to man, but if one has scruples about saying God and would rather call it the Unknowable, or say nothing about it, he is free to do either. The "Seven-Day Church" aims to uplift the daily lives of men and women. It is open every day of the week, but less to pray in than to work in. It utilizes every known means of human culture and well-being. Whatever people like to do outside the church, that helps and not retards their growth, or contributes to their harmless happiness, they may do here. The library, the study-class, the gymnasium and workshop are the prized adjuncts of this church. St. Bernard keeps us busy. The two crowning sins, in his estimation, are idleness and selfishness. A modern John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness of a great city's commercial greed and madness: Woe unto you, Worldlings and Sluggards, Lovers of Sham and Enemies of Righteousness! We listen, are thrilled and shamed, and do not much mind this calling of names.

In his fraternal attitude towards every other form

of faith St. Bernard draws from all sources in his Sunday services, from the Upanishads to Browning's Saul; but chiefly from the Psalms and Gospel story. Let no one think this church, devoted to the practical, i. e., elevating the practical to include all the higher needs and motives, is therefore lacking in spiritual uplift and power. Florinda might fall into this error, but it would be an error. There is no stained glass, imparting a dim, religious light to our place of worship, for we are afraid the dimness might detract from the religiousness; no vested choir, no incense nor processional; but there is a contribution box, whose use is sacred. Both the form and spirit of worship are here, the word of prayer is spoken, and little children are brought to a christening service that dedicates them to the faith of human love and enlightenment, and the church's watchful care; for we believe that

> "Nature keeps the reverent frame
> With which her years began;
> And all her signs and voices shame
> A prayerless heart in man."

Natural Religion! There are few who dare trust the phrase, or who perceive its infinite hope and promise to man.

"What is truth?" Is it not deeply significant

that he to whom these words were addressed attempted no direct reply? The question was the last poor, defensive fling which worldly pride and sophistry cast in the face of the new moral ideal, about to assume the world's leadership. What truth was like, its office of spiritual enlightenment and moral awakening among men, some of its rewards, its heavy but exalting demands—these Jesus spent his three years' ministry in teaching, but we search the records in vain for a definition. The spirit of truth, which is to make men free, that was what he came to reveal. The letter dies, the spirit lives. The hard shell of a dogmatic creed has been cracked and we feed on the sweet kernel within. Once we thought the shell was the kernel, or rather that the kernel was safe only in the shell.

THE new standards are ethical. About twenty-five years ago a small band of thinkers, with Dr. Felix Adler at their head, undertook to rescue the moral consciousness of man alike from the superstitious alarms of the theologians and the wordy snares of the philosophers. They wished to set it to work. They proposed to establish a new religion, though they hesitated to call it such. Their protest was timely and well-

spoken. It commanded the respectful attention of all the thoughtful. There is not a church or sect in English-speaking Christendom that has not felt the revivifying influence of this little group of scholarly, but ardent reformers. It is no reflection upon the Ethical Culture movement to say that it does not grow. Some of the world's most fruitful ideas have been those which have produced least fruit in their own kind. The new movement soon revealed limitations which might well have checked its growth, but it is doubtful if its growth was so checked. This reform, like many others, will accomplish its object in indirect ways; with disappointment to the leaders, were they seeking popular success or the formal adoption of their views. New truths gain headway, but on roads already built, through institutions long since established, which do not easily die. New wine is being continually poured into old bottles, in spite of scriptural inhibition. Ideas do not progress in the straight line of logical induction, but in a wavering series of mental adjustments and adaptations, and in obedience to the law of least resistance.

YET there are one or two religious movements of the day that have shown a proselyting zeal equal to that which marked the labors of the Wesleys and Whitefields of an earlier time. That once highly unrespected movement called Modern Spiritualism is one.

The Rochester knockings and teachings of Andrew Jackson Davis appealed to an unthinking credulity and an always hungry hope. If the following which this movement has secured is drawn chiefly from the less educated ranks, that may be taken as warrant of its merit, for is it not always from the starved and untaught multitudes new ideas and the saviours of men draw their first disciples? The fundamental postulate of this doctrine was one which has found a spokesman in every age. "All argument is against it, all belief is for it." Age-long belief and expectation carry their own strong implications. The church has fostered the belief in its legends of special visitation and the lives of the saints. The Bible is full of it. Saul visited his medium at night, as many timorous seekers do still. Samuel materialized at this dark seance without the aid of a cabinet. His communication was not of a kind to please the unhappy king, and there is no record of a second visit. The Witch of Endor was

probably a novice at her trade. A modern medium would have managed better.

For myself, I am willing to admit the power of spirits to communicate, if in this way I may purchase immunity from the task of investigation and keep away from the mediums. I am content to let others do the demonstrating; and am mildly, but not deeply, interested in the experiences of friends like Mr. Savage and Lilian Whiting, whose books have helped to lighten grief and to preserve the universal hope. The work of the Psychical Research societies has done much to respectabilize this movement, which has suffered unduly from many loose and dangerous ideas which have attached themselves to it, but which have nothing to do with the fundamental proposition on which it rests, for which a strictly scientific demonstration is claimed. The Psychical Research Society has brought a new and needed element into the investigation, supplied in the trained minds and upright character of the men engaged in it.

Modern spiritualism has not established its main tenet, but it has helped to spiritualize this life by its constant declaration of spirit forces at work among us. It has also helped to simplify religion by relating the term to the practical needs of men and women.

POPULAR interest has deflected within the past few years away from the teachings of Jackson Davis to those forms of nebulous thought, clothed in still more nebulous expression, set forth in the writings of Mrs. Eddy and the teachings of our prophets of foreign extraction, like Dharmapala and Vivekananda, whom the Parliament of Religions brought to our shores.

I have tried to read Science and Health many times, but "it is the first duty of an hypothesis to be intelligible," said Mr. Huxley. It will not do, however, to flout results here by talk about popular ignorance and the love of delusion. The average believer in Science and Health is as intelligent, probably, as the average believer in the teachings of Calvin or Channing. The level of culture and integrity is about the same in all the sects. Science and Health is the work of a religious rhapsodist, not of a thinker. It is not meant to convince, but to cast a spell. Its influence arises not from any logical or literary merit, for it has neither; nor in the clarity or sequence of its ideas, for it has neither. This influence is subjective, like that which the pilgrimage to Lourdes excites. It lies in that state of new religious feeling which certain minds must needs experience from time to time, in

relief from a feared and fancied materialism; one phase of a scientific age like our own. We are just now passing through a mild reaction against science, the philosophy of evolution, whose dangers have always loomed very big in the half-instructed mind. We seem to stand on the threshold of a new era, that of psychical research; but whatever results are attained here must, if worth anything, be as scientifically deduced as the conclusions of Tyndall or Darwin. Though it calls itself a science, and is propounded as a complete life-rule and theory—which makes Professor James call it America's only contribution to philosophy—Christian Science is, it seems to me, neither science nor philosophy, but a religion; and as such to be the more leniently and justly judged. The main thesis in Mrs. Eddy's book is that man is alike in essence with the power that created him, therefore he is master of his own fate. This is the teaching of the Beatitudes, of Micah and Paul, of Plato and à Kempis. Science and Health states the proposition more crudely, covers it with a mass of undigested and fatuous reasoning, but at bottom is an hypothesis all of us would gladly rest in if we could—belief in the essential likeness between man and God, the God-in-man teaching of Jesus.

I find two very plain reasons why Christian Science has met with its phenomenal success. The first lies in its semi-miraculous view of the Bible. Few minds, even in a skeptical age, are willing to place the Bible on a purely human basis. Most of us dearly love a little miracle. The Gospels the first revelation of God to man; Science and Health the second! This is a daring step. Our Christian Science friends have the courage of their convictions.

The second factor in the success of this movement lies in the claim each convert is able to make of a personal test and experience on which his faith rests. He has made a literal application of the text bidding us prove our faith by works. He has been cured! No matter how others may receive this statement, how the doctors and psychologists may explain it, to him it is a pure statement of fact, experience as real and unforgettable as Paul's on the road near Damascus. This physical cure serves precisely the same purpose as conversion on the mourning-bench does, or did, to the orthodox believer. This direct, personal experience in religion is not a thing to be laughed at nor argued away. It is the one thing altogether needful. To be able to say, "I was dead and am alive, I was sick and am

cured, in error and a lost soul, now I know the truth and feel myself God's child"; brushing aside all our pride and sophistications, is not this the primal need of the human heart?

We may admit the danger of complacency and dogmatism which creep into such statements, but these evils are no greater than the weakness, the uncertain aim and nerveless will, which often accompany more intelligent forms of faith, based in reason and a sound scholarship.

It is positive religious belief the world craves, and a positive if not final statement of such belief. Christian Science has done much in teaching us to take less counsel of fears that destroy, in helping convert a professed belief in God into a practical working motive for daily use and benefit.

The impulse, or need, which produced Science and Health has created a world of books, a new literature, whose aim is to demonstrate and elucidate what we are learning to call our psychic nature. The works of Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, Horace Fletcher, Ralph Waldo Trine, and Helen Wilmans are the most widely known. Each of these writers makes the same insistent claim for spirit or intelligence above sense. Mr. Fletcher tells us not to worry nor get angry. Mr. Trine

delivers the same kind of message when he bids us put ourselves "in tune with the Infinite." Whatever we may think of the literary merit of these writers or the worth of their philosophical views, their books have had a wide and on the whole beneficent influence. They have helped to strengthen the human will, to enlarge the empire of mind over matter. They have helped man to know and trust himself.

SCIENCE has revealed a world of law and orderly progression, which faith loves to construe as one of moral harmony. The Comparative Method was a direct outgrowth of the scientific spirit, and taught us to respect the results of honest research, wherever found—in the most distant and unknown parts of the earth, in the dead and buried centuries of the past. Max Müller's Chips from a German Workshop was one of the first text-books of the new learning. First Principles and The Origin of Species were others of widely different purpose, but scarcely more upsetting in their effects upon the minds of the readers. Tyndall's Belfast Address was the most powerful tract of the times: "Matter which contains the promise and potency of all things!" What did that

mean? Where, then, was God? "It is strange," wrote Miss Cobbe, herself not wholly trustful of the new teachings, "that as soon as we discover how a thing is done we at once conclude God did not do it."

Matthew Arnold was teacher and prophet both. He showed us the difference between literature and dogma in the estimate of things biblical, and told us that conduct was three-fourths of life. Behooves, then, we pay some attention to it! We owe this writer the gift of a half-dozen powerful, illuminating phrases, which have become part of our spiritual vocabulary: "Sweetness and Light," "The Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," "Culture, the best that has been thought and said in the world." Arnold came so near being a poet that we are unjust to him, and condemn our own insight to deny him the title.

> "Never by passion quite possessed,
> And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway."

Did he describe himself in these lines?

John Fiske was another helpful guide in those days when we were painfully learning to spell the unknown terms that made up the vernacular of the new creed of science. He rewrote the Synthetic Philosophy, reducing a dozen volumes to two, as readable as they were instructive. He performed a

task for Mr. Spencer that great thinker could never have performed for himself. Hundreds of people have read Cosmic Philosophy who would never undertake the formidable array of volumes it so admirably elucidates. Evolution made Easy might have been the book's title. It established the writer's fame, who soon turned his attention to another field, setting his philosophical mind to the work of writing history with a new method, along with Green and Freeman. From time to time he paused to write the three little books for which he will be most gratefully remembered, in which he applied the dreaded scientific teachings of the day to the old and always greatest themes of God and human destiny; showing how the mind that dares to inquire is the only one that can truly understand, rightly reverence, and trust.

George Eliot worked out the new doctrines of heredity and environment in the written lives of Maggie Tulliver and Daniel Deronda. Mr. John Morley went to the French Revolution for his topics —that fascinating and unexhausted storehouse for thinkers of every age — but he talked on the same great principles and ideals in the masterly essays on Voltaire and the encyclopædists.

Tennyson finished his great requiem, whose final

note was that of faith, but not very buoyant or assured, still restrained by doubts that would not down, faith too pensive to fill the needs of a later age:

> "Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out;
> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The music was of a heavenly sweetness, like the nightingale's, that sings in the dark—but sings. We owe a lasting debt to the dead laureate, his place is secure and high; but we turn to another as the poet of triumphant faith. Tennyson voiced in strains of deep, undying melody the age's unrest, all its disturbed beliefs, its half-realized hopes and ideals.

Browning, it may be assumed, saw that age much as his brother-poet did, but his interest in no age was abstract. Man, with all his concrete wishes, failures, sins, was his theme Out of the study of Ned Bratts and Guido Franceschini, of Constance, Pippa, and Anael, he worked a creed of human love and hope that rings like a pæan of praise in every line. Power and Love! Power becoming Love! Love the highest, sometime the only needed manifestation of Power!

> "I know there shall dawn a day—
> Is it here on homely earth?
> Is it yonder, worlds away?
> Where the strange and new have birth,
> That Power comes full in play."

THE WAY WE HAVE COME: SOCIAL IDEALS

"That sense of responsibility which consciousness of power breeds in fine natures."

THE very word "religion" suffers from a reaction, growing out of the terrors and puerilities once clustering around it. The true use and meaning of the term are in the making. It has been reduced to secondary importance for a time by another word of great weight and ceaseless discussion. That word is "social."

The battle for human rights is still on. A few palpable wrongs have been righted. We no longer imprison for debt, hang witches, nor import slaves from Africa. It is comparatively easy to correct gross evils like these. The people endure in shamed and grumbling silence for a time, then a great wave of moral wrath sweeps over the land, cruel laws are wiped off the statute books, wicked potentates are discrowned, constitutions amended. We remember that the Lord is a Lord of Righteousness, the public conscience is mightily stirred, the world takes another step forward.

The Civil War was our first great awakening. It was our Jacob's struggle with the angel. The nation wrestled with its conscience, and was overthrown. It will always bear the marks of the conflict, but it also won a blessing from its celestial foe and the promise of future empire.

It took three out of the five years of that sad and fearful strife to determine within ourselves what we were fighting for. The cause was plainly understood on both sides, but neither would call it by its right name. On the one side it was said to be the preservation of the union; on the other, the principle of home-government. But the dark and shameful thing that threatened the union, in whose behalf state's rights was invoked—we spoke of that with bated breath and apologies for introducing an unpleasant subject—all but a few cantankerous abolitionists in New England. Garrison, with his ringing challenge: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" Those last words clinched the matter. The man who will be heard!

Wendell Phillips, with his blue blood and long inheritance of social position and culture, whose words cut like a sword of finest damascene! St. George and the dragon again!

The writhing monster was crushed under foot and killed at last, with no sign of weariness or fluster in the doughty saint, not the smallest bloodstain, nor fold in his mantle awry.

Lucretia Mott, dressed in Quaker-gray, but dropping the rule of non-resistance for a time, until things were somewhat more as they should be; Lydia Maria Childs, taking off the pretty laurel wreath she had won as a young writer in New York, renouncing all such honors without a pang, in order to throw her strength and talent on the side of the despised agitators and disturbers of the peace; "when Garrison got hold of my conscience-strings." Theodore Parker, Samuel May, the Grimke sisters, Lovejoy, and the Mad Prophet of Kansas, what a brave, indomitable little band it was! Yet the good cause languished, almost to the war's end. At last the great edict was proclaimed; the sad and patient man at Washington opened his lips and spoke. The hour and the man had arrived. Then how suddenly the eyes of the people were opened! We were all black abolitionists, the blacker the better. The word which had been a disgraceful epithet, flung in hate, became a proud and honorable title. That is the history of all our banner-words. Even the word Christian was at first one of derision.

The word of cursing turns to one of blessing, the blow becomes a caress.

We began to see the end. We ceased to trifle and play hide-and-seek with our true motive. It was frankly, defiantly admitted on the side of the blues that we were fighting to free the black man, on the side of the grays, to keep him in bondage. The black man was freed, the union pieced together again, the republic reborn, though an ugly seam still shows where the gash was cut and how deep it was.

THOUGH war is so great and manifest an evil that one of our foremost generals did not hesitate a short time ago to call it hell, yet other evils growing out of it are worse, at least harder to rectify. The reconstruction period has not ended.

The brotherly wish to restore confidence to those on the losing side, with the wish, not so wise, to reward those on the winning side, prompted a policy which redounded to no one's good and kept sectional feeling as bitterly alive as before. The South became a new pillage-ground for the North. Any man who had fought under the stars and stripes might loot and play the political bully and boss.

The southern white man, helpless to defend himself against the aggressor, avenged himself on the black man.

It is nearly forty years since the close of the Civil War, yet the issue for which it was fought is still unsettled. We have emancipated the negro and given him the half-loaf of political enfranchisement, but the "color-question" rages in the South and is a dreaded subject of controversy in the North. "It is hard to forgive those we have injured." The North is relatively more culpable than the South in its treatment of the black man; for the condition to be remedied is neither so near nor fraught with such practical difficulties with us, and we have a long inheritance of just and enlightened ideas which should support us in the right course. We do not compel the black man to ride in a Jim Crow car, nor forbid him to sit in our presence, but though he may be as well educated and as refined as we are, we make it almost impossible for him to earn a living in any but a menial position. The few members of our colored population in Illinois, or even in Massachusetts, who are working in positions higher than the waiter's or elevator-boy's are the exceptions which prove the rule. I know no class of people whose situation is so pathetic, so humiliating to

them who must submit to it, so reproachful to us who are responsible for it, as that of the educated colored people in our midst. People who are as wise and good as their white neighbors, whose tastes and habits are the same, whose love for, and pride in, their country, Alas! is as great, but who live in complete social ostracism, except within their own small circle; who are shunned as if they were lepers or convicted criminals, simply because their skin is black.

The dreaded question of social equality is poorly stated and poorly understood. If it concerned simply an exchange of social visits and favors it might well be left to settle itself on a basis of individual taste and conviction. But the word "social" has no such narrow significance. Charles Sumner understood its scope when, dying, he whispered, "Take care of my civil rights bill.' If the sentiment which condemns the drawing-room mixture stopped there no great harm would be done; but it is the same wish to exclude which closes the doors of business opportunity and success against a black man or woman, prompts us to draw our skirts aside if either ventures to take seat at our side in the street car or public assembly, even in the house of worship. I call such behavior on our part towards

a class, most of whose sins and hardships lie at our door, as senseless as it is unchristian, nothing less than our national disgrace.

It is the sign of a superior understanding nowadays to speak distrustfully of universal suffrage; but some of us hesitate to renounce the fundamental principle on which the republic was built. We are not ready to pronounce the Fifteenth Amendment a mistake. We remember that it did not become law until the Fourteenth Amendment was rejected by the people it aimed to conciliate. We doubt if the ignorant black vote has been a greater evil in the South than the unlawful white interference with that vote. We believe in the responsibility of the superior. This latter-day talk about an educational qualification may be as wise as it sounds, but let the new test be applied all round, and not employed as one more weight and disability forced by the strong upon the weak.

It is Mr. Bryce, I believe, who points out how the former masters of the negroes had everything in their own hands at the close of the war in the shaping of new social conditions; for the blacks still loved and wished to be guided by them. Booker T. Washington never ceases to urge his people to keep in friendly relations with their white neighbors.

There is a reciprocal need and understanding here which should be able to work out its own problems, if ancient prejudice and race-hatred could be forgotten. Undoubtedly the North has committed its share of blunders and crimes, but the restored union was in its hands to preserve.

A GREAT moral victory may be won, and the poorer elements in man's nature still remain active. The politician triumphs over the statesman, the priest undoes the prophet. Evils grew rampant and hydra-headed in the North as in the South after the war. An era of social extravagance set in, with a shoddy element to the fore, whose right of rule was founded in ill-gotten wealth gained in the sale of spavined horses for the cavalry service and rotten cloth for the blue overcoats of the boys at the front. Tweed reigned in Tammany, and his big diamond cast a baleful light over the entire land. Thomas Nast killed him at last, with no other weapon than a lead-pencil; as he killed Horace Greeley—but that is another story, and not so creditable to the artist-slayer. Jim Fiske, big, rich, and vulgar, flared like a meteor across the social horizon and went out in blackness. Political greed and ambition replaced the stern

ideals that ruled in Lincoln's and Stanton's time. Nepotism and the Crédit Mobilier were the great scandals of those days.

New ideals began to form in our social and national life; a new rate of progress set in that would have made our staid Puritan ancestors gasp for breath, which caught us all in the mad race for wealth, culture, and every other conceivable good.

It was the day of sweeping social reforms, a brisk public activity; not more earnest nor widespread than in our own time, but newer, arousing lively curiosity, provoking eager defense and opposition. The air scintillated with new ideas, each warranting the speedy regeneration of the human race.

Dorothea Dix had begun her labors long before among the poor insane, whom she found housed with paupers and criminals, treated worse than either. Florence Nightingale won her honors, seeking nothing of the kind, in the hospital wards at Scutari. We were told how the sick and wounded soldiers turned to kiss her shadow on the wall as she made her midnight rounds among them, lamp in hand. Longfellow sang her praise in his Saint Filomena.

Mrs. Stanton and Lucy Stone were in the woman's rights arena. Mrs. Stone carried her pro-

test against existing wrongs so far that she declined to exchange her own name for another at the marriage altar, her husband loyally upholding her decision, feeling all her woman's wrongs as his own, a new type of the Chevalier Bayard.

> "The woman's cause is man's.
> We two will serve them both in aiding her;
> Will clear away the parasitic forms
> That seem to keep her up, but drag her down."

The woman's adoption of the man's name has not proved one of the "parasitic forms" that "drag her down"; nor is it probable that Lucy Stone looked to see her example widely followed. This was the way she chose to make her own protest logically complete, and if the logic seems rather literal, none who knew that just and gentle nature are now disposed to criticise. Such an action could not have been easy for either the man or the woman, and bespeaks the moral sincerity of each.

The leader of an unpopular cause is in a dangerous position. Forced to meet criticism and abuse at every turn, he is tempted to measure the merit of his cause by the opposition it excites. The difficult thing seems the only right thing. He has been told so many times that one with God is a majority, it seems easy at times to do without God.

But in this later age we have grown habituated to the reformers. They have proved their case so many times that we incline now to believe in them from the first.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the brainiest woman of her day, the Madame de Staël of the young republic, for wit, moral courage, and social charm. She was the philosopher of the woman's movement. Miss Anthony still continues its executive head. Her cause is not yet won, but she herself has won the admiring suffrage of all hearts. Her simple-minded devotion to her task and her splendid integrity have gained her universal honor and esteem, and a respectful hearing even in those fastnesses of social rank and prejudice, usually deaf to pleadings like hers.

When a large, frank, and utterly fearless nature falls into error, we stand eagerly ready to excuse it on these grounds. Browning's mistakes as a poet are always attributed by his disciples to the very richness of his poetic genius, redundant learning, and a wasteful profusion of ideas.

The Woman's Bible was a mistake generated in an active and well-stored mind, over-weighted on one side, prepossessed with a single line of thought. We need a woman's Bible no more than we need a

woman's Euclid. It was a pity our great leader so mistook the hour's need—and the woman's. The stories of Sarah and Hagar may be safely left to stand on their own demerits. The Higher Criticism is explaining these matters very well. The present age needs not so much to be told that the Bible does not mean this or that, as that it means something. The spirit of free inquiry has proceeded to the utmost limit, and we have grown culpably indifferent towards the Book of which we were once culpably afraid.

But the incidental mistakes of the great are of little moment, while the virtues of the dead, great or small, as Theodore Parker said, "shine out like stars." We do not count the spots on the sun, whose light and warmth are not sensibly diminished by those superficial defects.

JOHN B. GOUGH, prophet and mountebank, pleading and telling stories in aid of the temperance cause, was one of the most popular platform orators of that earlier day. Then came Frances Willard, of saner speech and a trained mind, to give somewhat more of dignity and coherence to the cause. Is the world of more temperate habit, is the daily consumption of alcoholic drinks

less than it was forty years ago? Undoubtedly, yes; yet the saloons are not closed, and the world was never less inclined to adopt the rule of total abstinence than now. The particular object which the untiring sisterhood of the W. C. T. U. has worked and prayed for all these years seems as far from fulfilment as ever. I think I was right when I said that principles prevail, but causes are always in arrears.

Miss Willard made a noble contribution to the work; she proved herself an organizer of the best quality, she kept the love and trust of her followers to the end. Disputes raged about and around her, but she did not enter into them. She kept her post at the ship's helm. With her cry, "Home and Native Land," she led hosts of conservative women into the fields of reform and public activity, whom only some monstrous evil, threatening their homes, could have dragged from the privacy of those homes. It was not to radical thinkers like the suffragists and other reformers Frances Willard addressed her message, nor to the leisurely and cultured classes represented in the clubs, but to the good and pious women who stayed at home, keeping strictly within the old limits of their domestic and church cares.

By years of astute and devoted management she brought this more timorous and conservative class into the work of an aggressive reform, one entailing more unpleasant work and publicity than any other. These women became after a time suffragists, but not upon the logical or abstract merits of the question. The W. C. T. U. woman wants to vote that she may close the saloons. Her reasoning is as simple as her faith is sublime. Questions of sex rank, and the tyranny of man do not interest her, nor taxation without representation. She wants to rid society of a hideous evil, to pin a knot of white ribbon on the breast of every man, woman, and child.

"There will be other reforms and reformers when we are gone," said Miss Willard, shortly before her death. "Long after the triumph of the temperance cause—long after the complete right of woman to herself and to the unlimited exercise of all her beneficent powers is regarded as a matter of course—there will remain reforms as vital as any of these, and on them people will group themselves in separate camps as they do to-day. And it is not improbable that the chief value of the work we have tried to do on this small planet lies in the fact that we have become, to some extent, attempered by it, we have become inured to contradiction; and we

may be useful in coming visibly to the help of those who toil in the reforms of the future, or we may be waging battle for God upon some other star."

THE workers were busy in every field. Horace Mann labored to broaden the basis of the public schools and to establish his co-educational institute at Antioch. Miss Peabody gave lectures on the kindergarten; Emma Willard and Mary Lyon bent noble efforts to enlarge the curriculum of girls' schools, preparing the way for the full collegiate courses to be opened to them at a later day. Colonel Parker began the work as a young man at Quincy, Massachusetts, which he closed at a ripe and honored old age in Chicago. His memory is still fresh in the hearts of his pupils and co-workers.

The cranks and fanatics were with us also. We derived not a little instruction from them, too, since they could at least teach us how not to do it. The men with long hair and the women with short! The vegetarians and table-tippers, the Millerites and the Bloomerites! Dr. Mary Walker, "walking round in her infernal old trousers," as Gail Hamilton wrote to a friend, on her first visit to Washington. The witty Gail was then in the height of her

vogue; her breezy pen kept us on the lookout for its next production of mingled wisdom and sauce.

Ah, well! Those were good days in which to be alive—and young. The task of finishing the world looked so easy.

It does not seem so easy to us now nor always so imperative. We are conscious at times of a very reprehensible feeling of carelessness on the whole subject. The atmosphere of the Western Slope is a little debilitating, to all but a few tireless spirits like Dr. Phœbe and St. Bernard.

I lately attended a meeting in aid of one of the great moral issues of the day. The room was filled with an expectant audience—for where and when can we not get audiences? A half-dozen speakers sat on the platform. Each came forward in turn to speak his mind and utter his protest; to denounce, to argue, and to thrill. But I found it hard to thrill, I sat an unmoved and rather bored listener through it all. The arguments were sound, but we had heard them hundreds of times before. The state of things was quite as bad as it was pictured, but along with the honest wish to amend and cure ran a spirit of denunciation and—low be it spoken—of self-glorification, not wholly reassuring.

I may be hypercritical, but I confess I grow tired

at times of this ceaseless agitation and discussion, and have half a mind to eschew polemics for the rest of my downward path in life—proved a downward one, I dare say, by such an ignoble resolve.

I doubt the wisdom of much of this platform talk, that construes everything in terms of the world's abuse. If the talkers did not talk so readily and well they would tire me less. "Fatally glib(!)" whispered the worn-out friend at my side on one of these occasions, as we sat drenched with an hour's deluge of wordy eloquence from one of these too gifted and popular speakers.

The methods and tone of the reformer are not always those which cheer and uplift. Belief, social or religious, must be constructive—must posit itself on known good in the world and the hearty assumption of man's desire to increase that good. It must not spend all its breath in denunciation, even of admitted evils. This positive character of belief must include the element of cheer. The joy as well as the duty of living must find expression in our working creeds. The reformer is too much a special pleader; he is nearly always guilty of overstatement. He discourages and sometimes hardens us, to begin with, beyond the power of moral resuscitation. If I am to engage with any degree of

efficiency in work for my kind, I must believe heartily in two things to begin with: the worth, the high worth, of my object, and the reasonable certainty that I can attain that object.

THE strong, forward impulse which stirred our national life just after the war was of varied expression. The mind's currents began to flow. The word "culture" was spoken, not very loud nor confidently, but with true longing, and with faith that here, too, was a potent aid to that human betterment which the reformers were seeking. The transcendental group formed our main source of supply. George Ripley and Margaret Fuller have not been surpassed in the field of American literary criticism. Colonel Higginson wrote long ago that our national literature had broadened its base, but had not reached a higher apex since Margaret Fuller sat in the literary editor's chair in the office of the New York Tribune; and the saying still holds good. The Cary sisters were gaining a pleasant fame through the same organ, and set up the first literary salon in the Sunday evening receptions where Horace Greeley, Dr. Chapin, the Stoddards, Edwin Whipple, Ole Bull, and Phineas T. Barnum were the most frequent

guests, not all of literary fame and name, but each a personage in his day.

This was the time when Emerson was sending forth his Sphinx's utterances in Brahma and The Problem, from his home in Concord, where he had sought a thinker's seclusion, and raised a new world's-pilgrimage shrine. Lowell was inspiriting us with A Commemoration Ode and Sir Launfal. Whittier, who during the call to arms had "left the Muses' haunts to turn the crank of an opinion-mill," was living in peaceful retirement at Amesbury, sending forth from time to time some high, psalmodic strain like The Eternal Goodness. George William Curtis discoursed to us in his wise and genial fashion from the Easy Chair, while his coming successor was writing My Summer in a Garden and Backlog Studies, and the present incumbent of that post in our literary apostolic succession was trying his hand in a Venetian Life and Their Wedding Journey; winning the first leaves in the wreath he now wears as our first man of letters. Mr. Aldrich, "a little poet from New York," as one of his Boston admirers called him, was getting his lyrical instrument in tune. Edwin Whipple and John Weiss were the essayists of the day, of keen mental relish. Someone called Helen Hunt the best

woman poet of her day. "Why woman," asked Emerson.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote the most successful novel since Uncle Tom, the Gates Ajar. "That flattering presentation of broken-backed Swedenborgianism to a straight-laced Presbyterianism," a witty teacher of mine called it at the time. The book set us all to talking, and troubled the theologians; the more, that the writer was a daughter of one of their number, of Andover descent and training. The spiritualists hailed the book with delight, and claimed the author as their own. It was quickly translated into all the tongues, and attained its mission and the writer's fame. A woman's delicate wit and her heart's reasoning had broken the dark spell of theologic distrust. The Gates thus opened to a more loving faith will never be closed again.

The Lyceum was at its full vogue, and Mr. Redpath was maestro of the intellectual entertainment to half a continent. The habit of attending lectures was easily acquired when Emerson, Phillips, and Mary Livermore were to be heard. Mr. Phillips had laid aside his controversial mantle and talked to us of The Lost Arts. It was a matchless performance, a study in words, gesture, and pose, untaught in any school of expression.

Mrs. Livermore could talk equally well on all the reforms going, but if we wanted matter of another kind, she gave us Queen Elizabeth. The great woman ruler was an attractive theme to another woman of ruling qualities. Anna Dickenson drew crowded houses, but she said sharp things about the men, and her popularity waned. Colonel Higginson talked on Aristocracy, based on blood, money, and character. We were in the second stage, he told us. That was thirty years ago; I wonder at what stage he would say we are now.

The Lyceum gave us an excellent start. It imparted the wish to study, and soon the clubs began to form.

Then came our Centennial Anniversary, which gave us another long push forward. It taught us much; we learned and unlearned a great deal at the Philadelphia exhibition. It was a great eye-opener. It brought Europe to our door, and killed our self-sufficiency with one blow. For the first time we saw what art and beauty meant. The day of green rep furniture and hair ornaments was over. Brother Jonathan gave up sitting on the front door steps in his shirtsleeves and whittling. He no longer wears striped trousers, except in the comic papers, for purposes of international identification. He dresses

like a gentleman; he could always behave like one. Of late years he has taken to running over to Europe every season, and is even a little blasé at times, affecting a preference for her old-time institutions and way of doing things, but at heart loving his own country best, well knowing "we play the game at immense advantage over here."

WE have taken long strides in all the arts since 1876. Compare the ordinary home of to-day with the bare, featureless place of residence in which the average family of comfortable income and fairly educated lived a generation ago. Engravings and photographs of the masters, old and new, replace the chromos and oil landscapes, painted by the yard, which once hung on our walls. The decorator's art has been born and grown to lusty manhood since then. Wall-paper is not mere wall-paper now; it is a "scheme" and has a "motif" like one of Wagner's operas. Furniture must supply other needs than that of chairs to sit on or tables to eat from. At first our taste in such matters was a little on the rococo order, the pretty pleasing us better than the true. The mind passes through as many childhood diseases as the body, stages of affected belief and

half-knowledge. The Arts and Crafts societies are teaching us that the line of beauty is not always a curved line, and that the highest standards are those in which use and beauty have joined hands in an eternal compact.

In nothing have our taste and understanding more improved than in music. Florinda and I used to play duets. A medley of airs gathered from the old war-songs: Marching Through Georgia and When Johnny Comes Marching Home. Or, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, with variations by Charles Grobe. But there was another piece of which we were very proud. We did not play it very well, but self-respect deepened every time we tried. Selections from Faust! Faust, we knew, was opera; mysterious term and little understood by me, but Florinda had once actually seen a performance in New York.

As a people we have sprung all at once to great heights in matters musical. Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, and William Tomlins have blazed the path for us. But the ideal always runs far ahead of what is attained in the minds of such leaders. What with our lively devotion to rag-time and eager interest in the latest catchy airs from the vaudeville, they would shake their heads dismally over this boast of progress.

Doubtless the orchestra and symphony afternoons are something of a strain at times on the minds even of their most devoted patrons, but the hopeful part of the business is we know what we ought to like, and are determined to do our full duty. Music will always be a kind of terra incognita to some of us, full of the same old allurements, but disappointing us a little in the result.

"Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

We, too, have a sense of arriving, but find nothing to report. We recognize our shortcomings and are properly ashamed. We look with envy on the rapt listeners who sit near us and who seem so very sure of themselves, who know what it is all about. I suppose it is not really necessary to know, it is only necessary to feel, to let one's self go, to "relax." We must abrogate our reasoning powers, letting emotion have full sway, letting the sea of melody drown and devour us. Sometimes I can feel myself doing this. I am losing myself in a trance of melodious sounds, I am far out to sea, waves of delicious harmony wash and submerge me. I do really love music then, I say to myself with delight, when Presto! I am flung rudely ashore, I hear nothing but the interminable scraping of forty or fifty catguts, the fife's shrill, persistent note, the monoto-

nous beat of the viols in an ever-useful bass. If I could only stop thinking about it I am sure I should enjoy it very much. Florinda would not be so foolish.

I HAVE not forgotten that my subject is Social Ideals. I know I can trust the reader to read the quoted extracts with which I endeavor to beguile his attention at the beginning of each chapter. I often quote the words from Mr. John Morley which head the present chapter. I know of none that better describe the modern social ideal, sadly as we fail to reach that ideal: "That lofty and vivid sense of responsibility which consciousness of power breeds in fine natures." Consciousness of power by no means always, or as a rule, breeds the sense of responsibility.

> "It is excellent to have a giant's strength,
> But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

This sense of responsibility to be effective must be both lofty and vivid. It may easily be one only. Many people have a high sense of duty, but as vague as high; and many others have a lively wish to serve the world, but no safe standard of judgment teaching them how and when to serve. Emotional scatter-brains!

I recall some other words of this writer, to the effect that ideals of duty alter least where there is least intellectual activity. It is the thinkers who are the saviors of society.

The evils we seek to remedy must be studied. Science and Humanity are bending their heads together over the problem. We have found that it is easier to preserve the union than to establish equitable relations between the various classes of men and women dwelling in that union and boasting of the brotherhood of man. Quite unexpectedly, and to our chagrin, we have discovered that this doctrine of brotherhood involves many things we had not counted on. It is something more than a glittering generality, a theme for a Fourth of July oration. Some of our brothers in the iron foundries and mining districts are inclined to take us at our word. They point to the contrasts in our civilization, the unchristian lives and deeds of their Christian employers, the open violations of law and justice which money and social prestige can procure. They ask, if it is true we love our brother as ourselves, why we pay him as little as the law allows, let his wife and children suffer for the necessities of life, or turn him from the factory and employ his little child instead? They call attention to the disparity be-

tween the money paid the men who work in the offices at the upper end of the establishment as salary, and that paid the men who work in the shop at the lower end as wages. And when they cannot make us listen in any other way, they go out on a strike; they block the wheels of commerce and trade; show us what their strength is, and in what worse ways they might use it, did they not wisely—and often so heroically—refrain.

And how do we reply? We talk about anarchy and the survival of the fittest, and invoke the aid of the government. So many people seem to think they are the fittest simply because they have survived. The modern plutocrat is one; the man who through shrewd judgment or luck has grown very rich, and thinks he is a great man.

The theory of the survival of the fittest has its lower and higher implications. So has the doctrine of supply and demand. The real demand is upon a human heart and brain, the supply should be one of a little natural reason and kindness. The industrial strifes of the day will never be settled except upon a humanitarian basis. Money is not capital more than a man's hard-earned experience and skill. There is a human and friendly interest waiting to be awakened here, in the shop, in the store, and in the kitchen.

Women talk as harshly and unintelligently about the "servant question" as their husbands do about the men in their employ in the shops and factories; that is, they talk as though the girl who works for them at the rear end of the house was, for that reason, of different clay and nature from themselves. The heartless sophisms, the complete moral exposures which some of these women make, when discussing their trials; the petty, absurd demands, the little bars and fences which we set up between our end of the house and that in which this other woman lives, the ways in which we seek to guard our pride and dignity—how mean and silly it all is! That is what she is, the woman who sweeps and cooks and scours for us. Another woman! It is time to bridge the space between the parlor and kitchen with a little sisterly feeling and common sense.

There is a good deal of interest just now in the domestic science schools. The philanthropists are busy trying to improve the character of domestic service and add to the comfort of our homes. I have nothing to say in discouragement of such efforts, except that they illustrate once more the search for the Holy Grail in distant lands, across mountain and sea, when it lies at our own door. We are at great pains to teach these humble helpers

of ours the duties that pertain to their calling. We attend lectures and organize cooking-classes, we take every roundabout road that leads to the desired goal. We attack the problem everywhere but where it exists in our own homes; where an ounce of friendly counsel and help is worth a pound of results gained in more indirect ways, in public debate and essay writing.

We say of to-day's social problems, in excuse for their delayed solution, they are so complicated. They are complicated, but it is we who complicate them.

WHETHER the impulse that moves us be religious or social, we work for the same end, the perfection of the human bond, the drawing of men and women, and classes of men and women, into closer fellowship. The social settlement gives us the keynote. The avenues are taking lessons of the slums. They speak the latest answer, and a very noble one, to the question of the rich young man, Who is my neighbor?

Our charity organizations are working on the same lines. It is the era of the friendly visitor. A little genuine human interest, that is all the needy

ones of earth ask; but this is the hardest thing of all to give. "Not alms, but a friend!"

I was in a street car the other day when a woman entered leading a little child by the hand. Her face had an ill-natured look, though she was coarsely handsome and fashionably dressed. She dragged rather than led her little daughter by the hand, lifting her to the seat with rude impatience. The child sat very still, long schooled into quiet. She knew she was a bore and hindrance to the handsome woman by her side with the cross face. She glanced timidly up at her from time to time, then in furtive, half-shamed fashion around the car, in deprecation of a manner she knew was bad, but for which she was not responsible. In a few minutes the seat on the other side was vacated, and child-like, the little girl climbed to her knees to look outside. She was quickly seized and thrust back in her place. A stinging slap fell on the delicate cheek, and she was harshly bidden to behave herself, if she knew how.

A wave of indignant emotion pulsed through the car. The woman felt it, but held herself defiantly erect. The child felt it also, and more with shame for the indignity of the act than its hurt. She sat in white, quivering silence, the blue eyes full of

tears, which she held bravely open, not to let them fall, and further betray a common disgrace.

That look of helpless shame and distress on the young child's face over the bad or foolish behavior of its elders, and supposed exemplars, how often we see it, and how heartrending it is! I wonder any father or mother can see that look, and not fall down on their knees before their childish judge, beating their breasts in unavailing remorse.

Unavailing; because when we are forced to step down from the pedestals where these young believers have placed us, we stay down. Every father is a kind of demi-god to his little son for the first few years. "My papa!" And every mother is angel and good fairy combined, her little boy's first sweetheart, his lady fair; queen and best companion in one to her little girl. Is there a father or mother who cannot recall the day, the hour, when he lost this early kingship or queen's estate, when eyes of baby trust and worship grew clouded with the first look of wavering doubt over some mean little act of theirs, display of temper, ill-natured or vulgar speech? What humiliation and sense of irretrievable loss, of something very sacred and precious suddenly gone out of our lives, never to be regained! We have robbed ourselves of the sweetest trust life

can bestow, its chance of purest companionship and holiest ministry.

Perhaps I am rather sentimental. Of course the children will grow up and find us out. It is too much to expect of them or of ourselves that this ignorant worship should continue long; but the case is hard for them when they can no longer respect us. My little fellow-traveler in the street car could not fail to see the pity and indignation in our faces, which we took no pains to conceal, as in consideration for her perhaps we should have done. She derived small comfort from our pity, which was but another form of public observation.

After all, it was the rude and ignorant mother who most needed our pity. So poor and stunted a nature ill deserved our anger. Yet I confess that for a minute I hated her. Such is the power of one evil to breed another. I hated and wanted to punish. "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." I said to myself that I would never leave home again without a millstone handy in my pocket. I felt as the mob feels when it seizes some guilty wretch and hangs him to the nearest lamp-post; and the black devils in Angelo's Judg-

ment, when they pounce on the poor lost souls and thrust them into the flames below. But there is no more ignoble feeling than the wish to punish; even the wish to justify ourselves is a poor one, which springs more often from pride than from a more righteous feeling. So I checked my angry thoughts about my neighbor across the aisle, and rebuked myself. I remembered the words of Booker Washington, who has some reason for cherishing grudges: "I am determined no man shall drag me down by compelling me to hate him." Admirable words!

I am not a sentimentalist. I do not pretend to love children in the fond, unreasoning way, so much praised in women, which impels them to catch up every baby they see, to kiss and coddle it. Except for the appeal which weakness always makes, children stand on their merits with me, as their elders do. But the abuse of the weak by the strong is the acme of human meanness; though when we come to think of it, all the world's sinning is of this order.

"THESE little ones!" What a vast and pathetic company it is! All the poor and unlucky, the sick and helpless, the weak and sinning, every form of human need and misfortune. The poor we have always with us. The little ones stretch hands to us from every side; careful, indeed, must we be not to offend here, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The growing sense of responsibility, an awakening public conscience, the wish to help, these are the hopeful signs in our modern social life. We practice our numerous philanthropies rather hurriedly, we make mistakes, waste time and energy, but such faults are the defects of our qualities and will correct themselves. So long as the hurry and the mistakes stand for a genuine human interest, they may be pardoned. The unloving mother in the street car is the type of many form of human selfishness, intent on its own pleasures, resentful poor people who come from the outside, rudely seeking to [illegible] performing every day grudgingly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE WAY WE HAVE COME: THE WOMAN'S SHARE

"'Tis good for men to halve, think we."

IT was John Stuart Mill, I believe, who said, years ago, perhaps in The Subjection of Woman, that every reform must pass through the two preliminary stages of ridicule and argument before reaching that of adoption. The woman movement is passing from the second to the third stage.

It is not argument, however, which is winning results here, any more than in the religious world, but simple common sense. Yet with all the triumphs that have been won, it is a question just what and how much has been accomplished.

Women do about what they want to; most of the reforms urged in their special behalf have met a more or less successful issue. The main contention is settled, yet the air is full of questionings; we are still in the experimental period, and we wait with bated breath to see what will happen next. It takes the world a long time to completely assimilate a new idea or principle. To some of us,

priding ourselves on our power of logical deduction, woman's rights seems the inevitable corollary of human rights. It is simply a question, as Colonel Higginson pointed out years ago, whether women shall learn the alphabet. Given that, the rest follows. No reform has borne a more revolutionary aspect, yet no revolution has taken place. This has been something of a disappointment, I suspect, to certain advocates of the reform as to its opponents.

The struggle is not over. Some of my strong-minded sisters, keeping sentinel's watch on the frontier, send me a secret message now and then, whispering a fear that it has just begun. Dr. Phœbe summarized the situation to me somewhat in this fashion a short time ago: "Our work is by no means finished. In some respects our position was never more insecure than now. At first men thought it was only a joke. What did it matter if a few misguided women did want to study medicine and law? So manifest an error would soon correct itself; but instead of correcting itself the error kept on repeating itself. One day the men woke up to find that the women were everywhere, behind the counters, overrunning the shops and factories, filling the college halls, and crowding into the professions. In some cases they were holding office and drawing

the salary. The simple truth is the men are getting scared."

This seemed to me too good to be true. I asked Dr. Phœbe to be more specific. "What is it the men are trying to do?"

"Oh, they do nothing that is so very bad, nothing you can lay hold of. You can't get out an injunction or commit them for trespass. They crowd, that's all. If you could see how things are managed at the hospital you would understand. There are too many of us—"

"There always were," I put in, with a parenthetic sigh.

THE recent flurry on the subject of co-education would seem to confirm the theory of a reaction and masculine alarm. Some of our leading educators have discovered that a good many young women wish to go to college, therefore it must be made as difficult as possible in order to encourage young men to go. They tell us that the girls like to study better than the boys do; they raise the standard and make a lot of bother. In pure kindness to their brothers in the collegiate household, the girls should go to colleges of their own.

It seems also that when young men and women attend the same university they either fall in love with each other or they do not. "Co-education is the thief of time," ran a motto which I saw hanging in a young senior's room the other day. The statistician who is trying to gather up some kind of data on the subject is sorely perplexed. When a young woman gets her higher education and a husband too—and that is happening all the time—he asks what she is going to do then with her higher education? And when she doesn't marry, all of his melancholy forebodings are confirmed, the case is even more discouraging. It is bad enough when the scientist discovers that men are no longer marrying; if women are going to stop too, they may well question what is going to become of the human race.

Something like this I said to Dr. Phœbe, who seemed to think I was rather flippant. The trouble with Dr. Phœbe is that she has no imagination and her sense of humor is not keen, though I know mine is not the best. She is, I sometimes think, to use Mrs. Stetson's phrase, a little over-sexed in her attitude of bristling defense of her own sex and lively suspicion of the other. Then, like all theorists, she wants to settle every question on abstract grounds.

"Don't you believe in the equality of the sexes?" she asked me to-day, as she has a hundred times before.

"I don't know whether I do or not," I answered, crossly. "What does it matter so long as there are a lot of things in which we are manifestly superior? The proposition, as you state it, is totally unprovable, one way or the other. If you are having trouble in the hospitals I dare say it is your own fault. You have managed badly. You have probably gone right along, curing and cutting up people, as if you knew how and liked it. I dare say you do, but it's no way to behave—with men. You have argued and appealed to facts. No man will submit to be argued into anything by a woman, but she can wheedle and coax him into anything she likes."

"That's a disgraceful statement!"

"I didn't say it wasn't disgraceful. You're not married, Phœbe. Let me ask you, Did you ever get any favor from a man simply on the ground of its reasonableness? Of course you never did. Men have not learned to treat women justly, they think it enough if they treat us generously. Man, in the abstract, capitalized, treats Woman, in the abstract, also capitalized—and capitalized first, if that's any comfort—precisely as the individual man treats the

individual woman. We shall get the ballot some day, but not for our asking. Let us not think it! We shall get it when men discover it is for their interest to let us have it, and that day is coming. Some day men will realize how weak and helpless they are in the things they are trying to do alone. They will be sensible of their bachelor discomfort and loneliness, in halls of council and of trade. Then they will go a-wooing. Man, the species, will set out on his first courtship of woman, the species—not a complete genus by ourselves! Some of the poor dears are afraid that is what we mean.—And what a wooing, and what a wedding that will be! Do you remember the lines in The Princess?

> "And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time
> Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be—"

I was quite carried away with my own eloquence, but my auditor had carried herself away. I caught sight of her trailing skirts in the doorway. They had a displeased and injured look.

A few minutes later Criticus entered.

"Do you believe in the equality of the sexes, Criticus?" I asked, airily.

"I do; I think men and women are equally vain, incompetent, and selfish."

I do not often get a statement from Criticus couched in such positive terms.

"Speaking of sexes," he went on, "I met Dr. Phœbe outside. She looked out of sorts about something."

"That is because you crowd so, you men, I mean. She says you crowd. Why do you do that?"

"I think it is women who are crowding." He went on, oracularly: "They have upset the entire wage system. They work for half a man will take or can live on. Talk about Chinese cheap labor! There isn't a woman at work to-day behind desk or counter who is not depriving some man of the chance to earn a living."

"There isn't a woman at work to-day, behind desk or counter, who is not helping support some man; an old, decrepit father, a brother whom she is helping to educate, a sick or worthless husband."

Criticus shrugged his shoulders.

I reflected, after he went away, as I have before, that the point in this controversy is a very concrete one. The woman's rights movement is three-fourths concerned with the wish or necessity the woman feels to earn her own living, to call no man master in the matter of an income. Women are

tasting the sweets of financial independence, and they will not be easily persuaded that fruit of knowledge is evil. They will not readily return to the old position of dependence, even to help the economists frame a correct system. There is nothing except her purity which men respect more in women than the power to earn money; and why not? That power stands for the best mental and moral traits. Money is the lubricating fluid which keeps the social and domestic machinery running smoothly. Many a home has luxuries, the children more pleasures and higher advantages, because of the woman's ability to add to the family income. The spectacle of some poor, overworked man compelled to support a houseful of grown women in idleness, who happen to be his wife, sisters, or children, is enough to confirm bachelorhood. So great and welcome an authority —from an unexpected source—as Professor Harnack, the eminent theologian of Berlin, has recently spoken his praise of the new educational movement among his country-women, and goes so far as to pronounce the woman without a profession or occupation a dead weight in the community.

IT is hard to say where these sex-wrongs begin, which hurts the other most, the man or the woman. "If there is an evil in the world for which nobody is to blame, it is the inequality of the sexes," writes Mr. Lester F. Ward. Lamely, but not unjustly, we shift the blame on that large and long-suffering abstraction, society.

There are many good people who are honestly disturbed over the present trend of things. The sentimentalists and the economists are equally alarmed and predict dire things to come. These alarmists see signs of change in women where some of the advocates of their cause would be glad to count a few more. The woman is not being transformed into the man, nor trying to push her interests against his. The development of new traits in women has not rendered the old ones inactive. Women have acquired a great deal, but they have eradicated less. They can vote and hold office, run a store, and win a university degree; but they continue to drag their skirts in the muddy streets and to haunt the bargain-counters. Thus, the ever-womanly leads us on, and remains about where it has always been.

We have misstated the problem. Too great emphasis has been placed on the woman's need for

herself, of all the new rights and privileges, but the need is less hers than the state's and the community's. That is what I tried to explain to Dr. Phœbe, but she would not listen.

The masculine worlds of politics and trade need nothing so much as the infusion of the feminine principle, which, whether Dr. Phœbe likes it or not, is the sweeping and dusting principle. The government of a large city, like New York or Chicago, is a matter of housekeeping, on a larger scale. Under present management the housekeeping goes on in the same way it does in the home when the wife goes off to the seashore or the mountains and leaves her husband in charge of the household; the husband himself having no doubt whatever of his entire ability to run the house and keep everything in order. But we know the condition of things that confronts the wife on her return.

Cleanliness and health, the supervision of the schools, the care of the unfortunate, the regulation of morals, these are the objects of the larger housekeeping; if they are not matters in which women have as deep an interest as men, which they are as competent to handle, then I know nothing about it.

I HAVE in mind a small town near the city which affords an excellent object-lesson. There is a village improvement club in this town; the women started it and have always been its most active workers. At first their object was the simplest—to cut down some dead trees that had long defaced the landscape and plant new ones, to clear the streets of tin cans and other rubbish which had been left undisturbed for years. The men laughed but applauded the work. They joined the club, but soon voted themselves out of all the offices, telling the women to go ahead and do what they liked. The work grew. Various matters connected with the town's looks and welfare claimed attention; an unkempt cemetery, a tumble-down station-house, an old and neglected school-house. The passion for improving and fixing up things grew by what it fed upon. Of course there were difficulties and setbacks. Some people resented being asked to trim their trees and remove their ash-piles, but the new movement gained in popular influence and regard.

Money was needed, and the women brought the usual feminine devices to bear; lawn suppers, private theatricals, oyster-stews. These brought the women together from a new motive, old lines of separation rising in church and clique were obliter-

ated, a new bond was created, local pride and patriotism grew. The Village Improvement Club was a success. It was not long before every new idea or movement looking towards the town's growth and prosperity sought the support and prestige of its name. The women discovered that the mill-tax for the support of a library had never been collected; they stirred up the men, the tax was collected, the library opened. A study-class was formed, and a woman placed on the school board. The case, as it now stands, is pretty much this: the women are running that town, though only men are elected to the mayor's office and the common council.

I spoke of the woman on the school board. It was the women who discovered their eligibility to this office; if the men knew they had kept quiet. Here is another object lesson. Let me try to sketch a picture:

It is a mild evening in April, just after supper, on the day of the school election, which, to accommodate the men doing business in the city, is held at this hour. A well-dressed, neighborly crowd is gathered about the school-house where the polls are placed for this election. People come from every direction, in carriages and on foot; they deposit

their votes, women and men, and linger to chat and forecast the result. The carriages are employed by an energetic committee to bring the old and invalid members of the community to the field of civic duty. The scene is somewhat on the pastoral order, quite idyllic.

There are two tickets: the Women's Ticket, though never so named by the women, and some other, generally of too little importance to have a name. Its purpose is obvious, and always the same —to beat the women. But the women are not often beaten. Their husbands and sons work as hard for their success as they do, knowing it means the rule of the competent. In such a tiny town the result is soon known. The votes are counted, the winning candidates announced. The tired women look the relief they feel, the men smile approval, and all return to their homes in the spring twilight, feelings of virtuous citizenship swelling their breasts. It is all so easy, so simple, so matter-of-course!

A week later comes the election of the city fathers, in which only men can vote. This is another story. Some important questions pertaining to the town's welfare are to be decided at this election. Shall a franchise be granted the new electric railway, and shall Main Street be paved?

Several of the real-estate holders are women, acutely interested in such matters. The scene is changed, it is no longer idyllic. The polls have been removed from the school-house to a saloon; the women stay, perforce, at home. Yet here, too, there is often a woman's ticket, one over which the women have sat in grave council, one they work for with the men. They canvass the town for votes, they urge all their male relatives and acquaintances to the polls, use every means in their power to bring about the desired result; every indirect means, what many people consider the only "womanly" means. The result varies here, the women are often beaten, together with the best men whom they have tried to help. Yet these same blessed men never seem to know just what the matter is. They return to their homes with gloomy brows, and talk about the decay of American politics and the dangers of foreign emigration.

For mutual acquaintance, formed on high thought levels, for growth in true patriotic sentiment and the community's benefit, the village improvement club tops every other form of organization I know. It contributes the element most needed to-day in the conduct of public affairs, the housewifely element. The woman's club, formed for study and intellect-

ual culture, is rapidly embodying the aim and spirit of the improvement clubs.

THE most popular phase of the woman movement is the woman's club. It has avoided the radical tendencies of the reform organizations, its aim being more general and its spirit conservative.

The question of origins is always difficult. Two Michigan towns dispute the honor of the club's birthplace with Boston, but Boston easily keeps the prestige of distinguished names, like those of Julia Ward Howe, Ednah D. Cheney, and Abby Morton Diaz. The western clubs miss the stimulus afforded in the presence and leadership of women of national or world distinction, but neither are they in danger of relying too much on such leadership. In the Chicago and Denver clubs we are all in the ranks.

The woman's club may, without much violence to the facts, be traced to the church sewing society on its working side and to Margaret Fuller's conversation classes, perhaps, on the intellectual side. In its earliest stage it was but an afternoon gathering of friends, who met at each other's houses at regu-

NOTE.—The greater portion of what is here said about women's clubs appeared in The Pilgrim in an essay on "Twenty-five Years a Club Woman."

lar intervals to read together, and talk over the essay or story they were reading. Usually the choice was nothing so frivolous or easy as a story. Remote themes, gathered from the Elizabethan or Periclean ages, were preferred, the philosophy of art or the ethics of Buddhism. One read aloud while the others sewed, the domestic instinct always uppermost, and to relieve a tedium they would not have admitted. But there were always two or three brave spirits who refused to misuse the occasion in this way, who sat upright in their chairs and listened. This little leaven of earnestness soon leavened the whole lump. The woman who would venture to take her knitting or embroidery to the club now would be laughed out of countenance.

The next step was the club essay and discussion. The new feature of discussion soon outranked all others in club interest and importance. Learning to talk in this way on impersonal themes grew to be a fascinating exercise. Reputations were made, a new vocation discovered. It was like learning to swim—the bold plunge into a new element. For long the aspirant for new honors stood in bold exposure on the brink, chilled to the marrow with dread; cold shivers ran up and down her spinal column, she made many a brave advance and frightened retreat.

At last came the plunge, the swimmer rose to the surface, her ears filled with a strange roaring, the sound of her own voice, the audience in front swaying up and down, like veritable waves. She did not know what she was saying, neither many times did her hearers; she had but one mad, burning wish—to stop, to sit down, to sink back into that crowd of upturned faces, the unresolved mass. She would never try to speak in public again—but she always does.

The woman who in this experimental fashion succeeds in overcoming her nerves, learns to express her thought with tolerable clearness and force, soon wins a reputation as a public speaker—too soon. She is praised and pushed to the front. "Please speak to my paper," the essayist of the day beseeches. "Say something; don't let the discussion drag," the chairman of the day implores.

The club serves as a training-school in the art of public speaking. I have listened to men and women on the platform for many years, and have been drawn into inevitable comparison of their efforts, finding points of superiority now on this side, now on that. A woman, I have discovered, seldom talks well unless she has something to say. This is to her credit as a woman, showing a beneficent dispo-

sition which bids her release her audience as soon as she has ceased to edify them, but it is fatal to her success as a platform orator. It is the merit and weakness of the average woman speaker to suppose she must have a definite line of thought to follow, a cause to serve, an object to gain. The result is, that when she has nothing more to say she stops talking and sits down; thus she often fails in finish and the gift of climax I doubt if many women speakers know what a climax is. They stop abruptly, as I have said, when they are through, or rather when they have lost their immediate clue. All this is but saying that while women have the gift of public speaking they have not yet, as a rule, acquired the art; and the art consists in something besides the proper chest tone, the right sort of gesture and pose. It sounds absurd, but the art of public speaking consists largely in the ability to keep on talking.

Most men speakers have this gift in wearisome perfection. Much as I have suffered from this talent of theirs, of interminability, I admire it also. Few women have learned to think on their feet; the fact that men keep on their feet seems to argue that they have learned, and so, in truth, they have. A man can fence and parley, give and take, better than

a woman. His gift of after-dinner speech exceeds hers. I sat listening to a popular preacher once in a convention, another preacher by my side. The speaker poured out a stream of flowery metaphor, rapid talk, and resonant phrases, but I fished in vain for an idea. I expressed my disappointment to my friend.

"I know no one who understands the mechanics of speech-making better than brother Blank," he said. "Mechanics of speech-making" describes it very well.

Before women dared rise to their feet to talk they began to write. The club essay is *sui generis*. It is not literature, but it often serves as high and useful a purpose. Generally speaking, the club essay is marked by substance above form. It is a mine of information on its chosen topic, or an eloquent exordium, full of moral appeal, but its literary structure is often poor. The standard of the club is high, but not exacting; its office is to encourage, its mission is not to experts.

The favorite topics are of a practical order, dealing with the social problems of the hour; the care of children, the housing of the poor, the amelioration of suffering and crime. The days given to what is called a literary program may draw the larg-

est audiences. We don our best clothes and take our friends along to what is a higher form of entertainment. But the club is seen in its true aim and spirit at the smaller business sessions, where work and duty are the hour's topics. Woman will always be a care-taker. The mother instinct will always be uppermost. Love for her own children overflows, and will not be satisfied until every child has its rightful share of home love and protection. It is the maternal heart on which the world leans. It will always worship Madonna.

THE larger activities in which women are engaged outside their homes have not only enlarged the mother heart, they have served to bring men and women into closer and more helpful relations with each other. The two are becoming natural companions. The woman in Olive Schreiner's fable carried the little god in her bosom, which he had bitten until it bled. In spite of the pain she would not lay her little burden down. He had learned to speak but one word, "passion"; she was looking forward to the day when he would speak another, "friendship." That day has dawned, and all good men rejoice in the dawning. They see a promise and potency in the new order they did

not at first dream of. The old appeal of helplessness is not so sweet and beguiling as it once was.

"I wonder," said Felix Holt to Esther, "whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life?"

The same sentiment finds expression in Browning's Andrea del Sarto. The lover has been praising his "serpentining beauty," whose love, or whose consent to let him love her, has discrowned his life of all manly honor. She has fed his artist-eye daily with her perfect physical loveliness, but he is a wrecked and saddened man:

"But had you, Oh, with that same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare,
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so."

The above extracts show that the new woman lives not in the field of polemics alone. She is gaining larger standing-room in literature every year, not merely as a worker, but as a subject-heroine with the poets and fiction writers. When Art lends its hand to shape and beautify, her cause will be won. Mr.

Ibsen and Mr. Meredith stand shoulder to shoulder as creators of some new womanly types. Nora left her husband and children in the Doll's House, where she had been pet and plaything of both, to gain a true and sadly needed knowledge of herself. The act was not unusual—many women leave their husbands and children—but the motive was unheard of, and the social system tottered to its base. If Nora had left her home at the call of some new-found affinity or seducer, society would have disapproved, but would have recovered from the shock. Nora was the more severely condemned because her action rested on none of the usual motives of a woman's weakness or wickedness.

The Lady of the Sea persuaded her husband to release her from her wife's vows, and then resumed the old allegiance of her own free will. Hedda Gabler had all the courage needed for great deeds, but without a ray of moral enlightenment, so for her the end was chaos.

Diana of the Crossways did an incredible thing, sold the state secret her lover had reposed in her; but Mr. Meredith lets her redeem herself from even so vulgar and inexplicable an error as this. Human mistake and weakness are not to shut and bar the doors against every future chance of happiness,

either with men or women. Our business is to understand our fellow-creatures, not to judge and punish. Diana's behavior was so unaccountable that her angry lover could explain it only by calling her a heroine of romance; and the author pauses in the course of his narrative to make reply, summing up a vexed question in literary ethics:

"Poor Diana was the flecked heroine of Reality; not always the same, not impeccable, not an ignorant innocent; good under leading, often wrestling with her terrestrial nature nobly, and a growing soul. Your fair one of Romance cannot suffer a mishap without a plotting villain; she cannot move without him; she is the marble block, and if she is to have a feature, he is the sculptor. The heroine of Reality is a singular mixture of good and bad, anything but the feminine ideal of man. She furnishes not any of the sweet sensual excitements pertaining to her spotless rival pursued by villainy. She knocks at the doors of the mind, and the mind must open to receive her."

Truth and Courage! These are the means Mr. Ibsen and Mr. Meredith employ to extricate their heroines from the entanglements which life and the fictionist's art knit around them. These are human qualities, which have been active, without regard to

sex, ever since Eve accepted the serpent's invitation to eat, then promptly admitted the deed to her scared and sorrowing partner, and shared its consequences.

THE end of my preachment on this much-be-labored theme is this: Fifty years' experience in being a woman and more than thirty years' of more or less active co-operation in labors for my sex convince me that we shall go on being women to the end of the chapter. I feel this sometimes to my discouragement, sometimes to my relief; and I offer this small nugget of rather cheap wisdom to the friends and enemies of the cause to use as they see fit.

We do not want to be anything but women, but some of us are bent on enlarging the dictionary meaning of the term. The dictionary is too much a man-made affair, like the constitution and city charter. I am afraid women will always like pleasing men a little better than anything else, but not to the extent that renders them unmindful of better ways of pleasing. They cannot exact more of themselves here than the best men do.

"What does the emancipation of woman mean," asks Richard Le Gallienne, "except that woman has

now discovered that her mind is available for purposes of overcoming men as well as her body? The female mind," (dear Mr. Le Gallienne, what do you mean by the "female mind," Madame de Staël's or a cow's?) "however remarkable, however skilfully it may imitate the male's, is only an advanced form of chiffons. It is one more lure, one more honey-juice for the man-bee; for woman is eternally a flower."

Dr. Phœbe would scorn this way of putting it, but we must submit to a little mistaken chivalry in men's talk on this subject. Mr. Le Gallienne is a good friend of ours; and while I think it is like a poet to call woman "eternally a flower," I like the poet's idealization better than the usually damaging analysis of the pseudo-scientist, and I believe it has a sounder basis in fact. I would rather be Petrarch's Laura than the higher breeding animal a certain Dr. Clarke described years ago, as a woman's highest proper desideratum, whose usefulness and true character were threatened in the higher education; writing a little book to expound his views, which created a sensation in its day, but which nobody reads now. One of the people of importance in his day!

THE deep mystery of sex is part of the inscrutable problem; its strange, subtle allurements part of the spheral song and march, where discords will rush in, but where harmony abides. Sex differences will remain, at the same time that they will meet and blend in an ideal of mingled strength and beauty which men and women are already striving to realize together. Lowell, in his Fable for Critics, describes the way the earth-mother proceeded in the creation of one who had reached this ideal, that rare and delicate genius, Hawthorne:

> "When nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
> For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;
> So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
> From the finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared;
> And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
> For making him fully and perfectly man."

THE DOWNCAST VIEW

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say."

IT is a chastened rather than a buoyant frame of mind that prevails on the Western Slope. Sometimes the mood is of darker hue. A mental habit has been formed which lays an arresting hand on every impulse and faculty. Doubts are fostered, and every outlook clouded with a settled melancholy—the downcast view.

We talk of modern pessimism, which is modern only so far as some people in the modern era are afflicted with it. The phrase alone is new, dating from that work of powerful genius, Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, in which the doctrine of human despair was bluntly stated and upheld with scholarly learning and acumen. Blind force, "a petrified or hypnotized will" at the heart of things, reaching its first self-torturing consciousness in man; the only creature who can apprehend the situation, but who is powerless to avert or improve it! Yet nowhere have we learned more valuable truths

than from the pages of this great treatise on divine and human impotence.

One thing has always struck me as of tremendous import in the Schopenhauer creed. In a system so destitute of hope we might look for a code of ethics sanctioning moral indifference. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! On the contrary, the harsh asceticism of Anthony and Jerome did not inculcate a stricter rule of obedience. Since man but injures himself in every form of resistance he is bade submit himself to the order of things in which he finds himself. We have here another form of the doctrine of non-resistance, which at first blush might seem to condone suicide; but suicide is the supreme act of self-will and expressly forbidden.

But I do not mean to enter into a metaphysical discussion of the subject. Philosophical pessimism is the lightest form of the disease, and harms few. It is easy to prove this is the best or worst of worlds, as an abstract proposition. The appeal is away from the abstract. The verdict is found in each man's personal feeling or conviction, not in another man's statement.

There is a strain of pessimistic doubt in every one of us; we all suffer from our downcast moods, which we cannot explain, when we are seized with

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear;
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word or sigh or tear,"

such as Coleridge expresses in his Ode to Dejection.

The professed pessimist finds as many reasons as he wants for his unhappy creed; he is a varied species. Are there any women pessimists? I do not know any. Dr. Phœbe has her bad days, but she is so busy in her work of human relief and cure that I am sure her case will never become chronic.

The flippant pessimist is the most unrespectable of all; the cynical man of the world, who knows the world only on its worst side and seeks to know it on no other. Criticus belongs here. The only real skeptic is the moral skeptic. Here is a handful of smart sayings which illustrate this moral skepticism, liking to air itself and play at being wicked. I found them copied from Truth, rank untruths, every one: "Friendship is a game in which two play and one always wins." "Religion is an eternal principle, modified to suit temporal requirements." "Reputation is moral capital with which to deceive our neighbors." One sees the unnatural, silly aiming for effect, the bid for the pit's applause, in such perverse misstatements, which are not even witty.

THERE are, however, many cases of honest doubt in the world. There is the doubt born of pain, some form of personal loss or affliction, or of external hardship, such as Hamlin Garland describes in his novels of western pioneer life; where men seem the helpless victims of those natural forces which should aid and reward them; victims, also, of human wickedness lying everywhere in wait for the weak and unwary. The unbelief in God which springs from a hard and cruel knowledge of man is very real and hard to cure.

The downcast view, however based, is not easily preached nor argued away. Doubtless we preach and argue too much, and most of the arguments are poor. That one, for example, about the good of the whole, as something quite distinct from the good of the individual contributing to it, yet which the individual is urged to work for with even more moral enthusiasm on that account. I have never been able to grasp this logic, and am certainly not able to live up to it. A watch is not a good watch if one least little spring or wheel is broken; a flower is not perfect if it has one missing or damaged petal. Neither is the social mechanism perfect where there is one unhappy or unjustly treated soul in it. Moreover, the social mechanism is no mechanism at all,

it is a great, big, throbbing human heart, and every time you or I suffer a new loss, perform a mean or careless action, that great heart beats with one more throb of pain. Units we may be, but living units, having innumerable points of contact with other units, each quivering with feeling and endowed with apprehension like a god's. No, I don't care much for the argument which urges the sinking of the individual in the universal. The individual's best good may be gained in the effort, but individuality, instead of being lost, is rescued and awarded the life everlasting.

Neither do I care much for the argument which counsels patience, based on things not now understood, yet to be revealed. It has a plausible sound, and we must all admit ignorance, but the patience so eloquently taught has often an inexperienced and complacent tone, and savors of impertinence. "It is easy being patient over other people's misfortunes," said George Eliot. Mr. Kipling has a verse which cuts still more closely to the marrow of a smug self-righteousness:

> "The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth-flint goes;
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that toad."

We talk too much. Silence is often a better help than words, when we help by candid confession of our ignorance how to help at all, sitting down quietly by our suffering friend, making his darkness ours, bearing it a while with him.

The habitual or temperamental pessimists form another class, sincerely to be pitied, like all the lame, the halt, and the blind. They are undoubtedly in earnest, they are often above affectation, and have a moral probity that forbids the charge of mere selfish indulgence in their pains. Their sufferings are real.

To this class belongs a near neighbor on the Slope whom I will call my Honest Doubter. A spirit of painstaking inquiry governs every other motive, brings every wish and impulse to the bar of a logical judgment. Everything that makes for human loss and suffering is carefully noted. Where the nature making such an inventory is upright and gentle, every abstract wrong afflicts like a personal hurt. When some deep personal grief or sorrow is added the suffering reaches torture, the questions multiply fourfold. My friend's mental attitude is neither resentful nor suspicious. Where Criticus snarls, he laments. His unbelief is not pronounced. He longs to believe; but alas! his look is ground-

wards. He cannot make his prayer like the dumb child's father's: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief," nor shape a conclusion like that of the enticing old sinner, Blougram:

> "The sum of all is, Yes, my doubt is great,
> My faith's the greater; then my faith's enough."

Though his need is spiritual, the kind of help my Honest Doubter seeks is as tangible as the leaden weight in a pair of old-fashioned steel-yards. He searches all the books, ponderous volumes of philosophy, dry, theological tractates. He is also a diligent investigator of those claims to higher knowledge set forth in the various psychical movements of the day, whose full mission is not yet understood. Perhaps it is to teach us something new, and desirable to know, about the spiritual nature of man; perhaps through vain, if honest attempts to this end, enable us to do without such knowledge, accept the good we have as warrant for more to come.

I SAID my friend read all the books, but there is a long array of volumes that are never taken from the shelves. Among these so strangely, I could almost say so culpably, neglected are the poets, "the only truth-tellers left to God." The great seers and sages, those wells of spiritual

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strength and solace from which the ages have drawn, and all the great, helpful works of fiction—these also are left to gather the dust. This is because, with all the excellent gifts of mind and heart which my friend possesses, imagination was left out. He has feet to climb, but no wings to soar. I could easily persuade him to read Mill's Logic, but I could not make him see the worth of that episode in the life of Mill, where that prodigy of human learning and genius, bred in an intellectual hotbed, yet in young manhood saw life stretching before him, an arid waste, void of real interest and joy; until one day he came upon Wordsworth's poems, and wept tears of gratitude over the spirit's release.

The Honest Doubter has also read the Origin of Species, but I am sure he has never reflected on the mistake Darwin recognized in himself when he found he could no longer enjoy music, an absorbing passion when young. A faculty once alive and powerful had died from disuse, a too engrossing attention to earth-worms and climbing plants. If plants know how to climb, surely the spirit of man should try.

When I urge my disheartened neighbor to read Prospice or Crossing the Bar, he smiles and looks incredulous, reopening the volume on The Sub-Conscious Intellect, or, Scientific Proofs of Immortality.

To his thinking, I offer him, not a stone for bread, but a flower; quite as innutritious, if it does not impede digestion so much. Where the remedy lies for such a case I cannot tell. Not, I am very sure, in any of the learned books in which it is so industriously sought. Truth is divined, chiefly, by the heart needing its ministrations. My friend does not wish to divine, he wishes to demonstrate.

I WOULD not speak disparagingly of the philosophers. Occasionally is one who adds to stores of learning and dialectic skill the poet's buoyant temperament and the prophet's grasp on things spiritual. Such is the author of The Spirit of Modern Philosophy: "It is not so much the painfulness as the blind irrationality of fortune that disturbs the enlightened soul," he writes. "Mere pain can be borne, but the capriciousness of life is what makes it seem like an evil dream. The true devil is not crime, but brute chance." Criticus would exult in this unsparing statement. But Professor Royce goes on to speak of the strength that comes with the disposition to know the truth; then of the inevitability of the thought of an "Infinite Self" which visits the most cautious and distrustful mind. And he asks: "Can our chance be his ration-

ality, our chaos his order, our farce his tragedy, our sorrow his spirituality?" The answer is: "Yes, if we remember that he, in his absoluteness, does not find these things as foreign facts, forced upon him from without; he knows them as we in our finitude cannot." This Infinite Self is imagined addressing his finite child: "Oh, ye who despair, I grieve with you, it is I who grieve in you. Your sorrow is mine, I suffer it all, for all things are mine. I bear yet I triumph."

I know that nothing new is said here, nothing positively proved. It is only hints, guesses at truth, the wisest have to offer; but how illuminating some of the guesses are! "Intimations" was the sweet, tactful term Wordsworth chose for his great ode. The soul must heed these intimations if it is to live, it must feed on its own kind of food; heaven-sent manna, that falls in the darkness, where from, of what composed, no man knows, but given for the morning's refreshment and the day's toil. Belief must be fostered if it is to remain.

Professor James told us a few years ago that we can do more than foster belief, we can compel it. "The Will to Believe" was the felicitous title of his book, which clinched the argument beforehand, convincing us before we read

The surest way to compel belief is never to let go the aids that lie in a spirit of cheerful resolve. This may be reasoning in a circle, but never mind. We need not deliberately court these downcast moods nor wear them as part of virtue's wardrobe. "I determined this within myself, not to come to you again in heaviness," wrote the apostle to the Corinthians, and the Corinthians were his most trying congregation.

The race will always suffer from its growing pains. If we were honest and only a little wise, we would not ask to have it otherwise. How quickly the thought of perfection clogs and cloys! Life can be neither understood nor enjoyed except in terms of noble pursuit.

"Happiness," says a lively writer of the day, "is the ability to recognize it." Belief in happiness is regarded by the sophisticated mind as rather childish. That is the reason I thought Aureola might not like me to call her my Happy Friend. The sophisticated mind has read and traveled and pondered, and thinks it knows. There is nothing we enjoy more than this pensive belief in our unhappiness; the belief that happiness is impossible to begin with, and would not be good for us anyway.

Religion taught us this in the first place: In

Adam's fall we sinnèd all. Released from this particular form of the superstition we fell at once into the clutches of another; one propounded in a false interpretation of the teachings of science. The new doctrines of heredity and environment, half-understood, make up the latter-day fetish, before which we fall prone, in a new worship of fear.

I believe it is time for a complete face-about on this subject. We are under a grave delusion, what our Christian Science friends call a "false claim." We have put the cart before the horse. Happiness is not end but means. It is not the wreath at the goal, but the fine electric fluid which gives strength and speed to the limbs running to reach the goal; it is not the crown awaiting us at the end of the pilgrimage, but the very staff and shoon with which we set out on the journey.

Perhaps I should define my terms. This happiness so hard to realize, yet which I contend we possess, is not absolute; it is as partial and relative as the philosophers say it is, yet it is very real. We have a mistaken and shallow notion of the real, applying the term only to that which affects us most palpably, usually most painfully. A thunder-storm is more real than a bright morning or the unclouded sky; a railway accident more real than the daily

arrival of the trains on schedule time. We must put ourselves in a different attitude towards the world of daily event and circumstance:

> "To learn not only by a comet's rush,
> But by a rose's birth."

We are happier than we know, just as we are healthier than we know, and, let us hope, wiser and better than we know. If I am asked to demonstrate, I point first to the multitude of casual incidents, fleeting glimpses of things and people, which our daily march along the common roadway affords.

ONE day last summer I seated myself in the train that was to bear me a short distance into the country for a day's visit with a friend. Before me was a family group, crowded together in two seats facing each other. The mother and children were starting on a short holiday trip to a town a few miles beyond my own destination, where "Grandma" lived. So much I learned from the children's chatter. The young husband and father had come with them to the train to see them off. The little group was manifestly of that foreign extraction, not yet wholly Americanized, which our political economists view with so much alarm. Their dress and speech bespoke the plain

utility of their lives, on the workingman's plane, redeemed from coarseness by tender, wholesome sentiment. A holiday was no common event here; the children were wildly excited. They were dressed in their Sunday clothes, and their faces beamed with happy importance. The father busied himself in making them comfortable, crowding the cheap telescope under the seat, and placing a pasteboard box, bursting with luncheon, with a bag of bananas and other parcels in the rack above. Then the baby stretched out its arms, and he took it from the mother and held it in the strong, close fashion a baby with the right kind of father likes. A man never looks so well as when he has his child in his arms.

The father and mother stood in the aisle, while the children disputed for places by the window, and we waited for the train to start. I saw the eyes of the two meet. Her hands were almost as hard and discolored with work as his, but that which hung at her side was held in a lover's clasp. It was to be a short parting of a week, and she had planned and worked so eagerly for this visit to the old home; yet already a homesick look was creeping into her face. She hated to leave him behind; a vision of the little flat, the table set with a single plate, all the helpless

discomfort of a man's housekeeping smote her. He guessed her thoughts and smiled at her to keep her courage up, but he, too, looked a little sober. Her lip quivered.

"I guess I'll come home Friday."

"Oh, no! You'd better stay; better make your visit out."

The bell rang, the train began to move. The baby was hastily transferred to the mother, there was a hurried round of kisses, and he jumped off. Then they all crowded to the window to get the last look at him, and to throw more kisses, craning their necks to see, as he ran alongside the train, smiling and waving his hat.

Such a common little scene! That is why I speak of it. Its commonness is its high merit. Without these little every-day scenes and incidents beautifying the life of the great highway, how poor and sordid that life would be! It is from just such scraps of human observation and knowledge we piece out those larger beliefs we call patriotism, religion, humanity.

"From scenes like these old Scotia draws her strength."

I dare say these two railway acquaintances of mine do not always live together in perfect marital accord. He is sometimes late to supper, and can-

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and Heine's marriage to his M
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case, twenty in the other, would
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entered the game and wish to play
We have, also, the joy or unfailin
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not always give her as much money as she needs to supply the larder and clothe the children. Perhaps he drinks more beer than is good for him, and she may be too fond of visiting the bargain-counters on Monday morning. Very likely they hurt and anger each other frequently. But that little picture in the train bears its own testimony, and supplies me with just the kind of data I want. It is the heart's power to recover from its various little injuries that is of most account.

The failure of marriage! Here, too, we count most real the facts that most appal and distress, fastening our eyes on the records of the divorce courts. We look around the circle of our married acquaintance with an inquisitive stare: "What did he see in her?" and "Why did she choose him?" In nine cases out of ten, if we look deeper we shall find out. Nature knows what she is about; I would rather trust her instinct in this matter than the advice of the matrimonial societies. Points of likeness are more numerous than appear to the afternoon caller or dinner guest. Differences which the observer notes pityingly and makes much of are bridged by a hundred little ties, mutual needs and dependencies which draw the two closer every day. The sentimentalists will never cease to wonder at and

deplore the union of Goethe and Christiane Vulpius, and Heine's marriage to his Mathilde; but thirty years' fidelity and apparent marital content in one case, twenty in the other, would seem to prove that each of these illustrious geniuses knew what he wanted in the way of a wife. There are any number of motives and claims entering into this bond to strengthen and preserve it, besides the first rapturous feeling which gave it birth. Mere daily use and habit perform a wonderful work here. Their office is more sacred than the priest's.

> "Yet we are bound more close than by a charm,
> By fireside plans and counsel in the dawn;
> Like gardeners we have watched a growing child."

I WAS talking about happiness, which, as has been said, is for those who can recognize it, yet comes not with observation.

We cannot escape our downcast moods, but we can summon reason and experience to our aid, holding ourselves bravely quiet for a time, knowing the clouds will lift.

At heart we are glad that we are alive; we have entered the game and wish to play it to the finish. We have, also, the joy or unfailing interest of our special task, which remains joy or interest even after we have learned how poorly we perform it, how

little the world needs us. No one is needed much in this world, every one is needed a little. I venture to reverse Emerson's way of putting it.

Before me lies a letter from one of my women ministers, a helpful and in the main wise woman, whose influence for good has extended far. "The people who lift and the people who lean!" My friend is one who lifts. She likes her work, and does not ask to have it made easy; but, brave and capable as she is, she, too, falls into a downcast mood now and then. She grows tired, and there are days when she also feels in need of guidance and support, when she would like to do a little leaning on her own account. It was in one of these infrequent moods she wrote her last letter. She was tired, as I say, and felt "put upon." But she did not dare to say this to any one but me, who lived two hundred miles away; "for when I get discouraged, others do."

At first, as I read, I felt rather sorry for my reverend sister, and a bit resentful in her behalf. Then I reflected: After all, the strong no less than the weak must bear the penalty of their own natures. The man or woman who has learned to stand alone must not complain if they are left to stand alone much of the time. This is sign, not of

the world's selfishness, but of its confidence. It would be false kindness to pity my friend. She, too, is happier than she knows. So, I shall make a friendly jest of her little wail of a letter, laugh at her, and poke fun. If I were to answer it in kind she would wonder what I was talking about, for she has forgotten her woes by this time and has returned to her busy, normal self. It may sound unfeeling, but I shall tell her that since she elected many years ago to be one of the strong and useful women, she must keep up the character. We cannot eat our cake and have it, too. We must not claim the privileges of the strong, and the immunities of the weak. The lot of the burden-bearer is a hard one, many times; its rewards lie chiefly in the ability and wish to serve, and these are sufficient. The only people to be sorry for are the weak and inefficient ones. To feel one's self a burden, to be forced to resign all active share in life, that is the hard thing.

DO we gain an inkling here of the morale of the confessional? The religiously emancipated are sometimes heard to lament the loss of help to be derived by such means. The longing to unburden one's self, to load another pair of shoulders with the cares weighing so heavily on

our own, to wipe out the old account and begin afresh, all this is human; but human, too, to feel the disappointment, not to say chagrin, which follows most of our seasons of confidential outpouring. The heart must be its own confessor. We get real and valued help from others, but not the best. "Every man must be his own counselor; he who desires to get rid of an evil knows what he wants," said Goethe.

There is only one thought that can stay the soul in the hour of struggle and threatened defeat, and that is the thought of God. No matter how we name or approach it, how we deny it even, it is there; whether we flee to the uttermost parts of the earth or make our bed in hell.

The Will to Believe! In the discovery of ourselves as creatures of will and conscience, we have all the help we need Faith becomes part of our unconscious life and experience, like the air we breathe, the daily intercourse with friends. We worship, as we love, in a thousand uncounted, beautiful, and helpful ways; simply by virtue of upspringing thoughts, pure desires that lead heavenward, and make heaven on the way.

THE MORAL BALANCE

"Even by means of our sorrows we belong to the eternal plan."

THE two great factors in the natural and human worlds are beauty and pain. If the beauty mitigates the pain, the pain dulls our apprehension of the beauty; though it may also serve to enlarge the range of beauty, creating sympathy, which is moral beauty.

May the problem of the world's suffering be solved, in part, by the wish to relieve which it excites? Some of the philosophers hint this, and it is the preacher's familiar argument. What makes any of us even imperfectly and fitfully kind but knowledge of another's need? Would the picture of our weak and selfish human nature be relieved with the faint bow of promise that irradiates it, painted on any other background than that of poverty, sorrow, and death? How clearly the little white flame of Tiny Tim shines out against the dark wall of Scrooge's hardened nature! In the gloomy abyss created by Dombey's failure as a father two fair flowerets hang, their frail stems intertwined, and

petal-faces bending forward to exchange a lonely little brother's and sister's kiss. Goneril and Regan are the stony soil on which Cordelia's filial truth blooms with imperishable fragrance.

It is not the pessimists alone who question and doubt. Every sensitive and thoughtful mind suffers from a sense of unfairness in the distribution of life's benefits. We feel that there is a heavy moral account chargeable somewhere, upon inanimate nature or the social system; or the power behind these abstractions which has created nature and arranged the system. Why are the places of honor and privilege given to the few, who often have done nothing themselves to merit such distinction? Why must the millions sweat and toil, earn a mere stipend, feed on a crust, live and swarm in low obscurity, like the uncounted insects under a rotting plank? Why must the social pyramid be a pyramid at all, with huge base resting on the multitudinous masses, and a rule of classification from thence upwards that seems to spring from selfishness and caprice?

We know the prescription which the moralists have offered a sick and sad humanity, time out of mind. The virtues of resignation and self-sacrifice have been thoroughly taught us. These are great words. We cannot dismiss them from our vocabu-

lary, but they do not cover the ground. It is possible to cultivate a pious resignation to very unpious, even impious, ends.

"Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow!" said Madame Guyon. Yes, where the acceptance rests in the sorrow's inevitability, where pain and hardship must be steadily faced and borne with. There is peace in an accepted sorrow, because a complaining spirit doubles every burden we carry. Only a large and just nature can bear suffering well, without mawkish sentiment or display, courting neither sympathy nor applause. But resignation is too poor a term in which to describe such qualities of noble endurance, undiminished helpfulness and cheer. Professor Royce has some words on this subject also. Speaking of two kinds of religious feeling, one which incites courage and a resolute activity, the other seeking reward or a rule of resignation, he cites that little classic of spiritual consolation, The Imitation of Christ, which he pronounces a "fascinating but dangerous work of genius." The religious emotion which this book excites is not "the warmly vital love of the optimistic warrior who cheerfully serves God, like St. Christopher, but is a kind which rests content in mystical adoration." This state of mind is not wholly un-

productive; "it produces acts, but they are done in a dream-like somnambulistic ecstasy—by one hypnotized, so to speak, by a long look heavenwards. Strength this love has, but it is the strength of gazing." This is a daring but wholly just view. Still more surprising and suggestive is the comparison made between à Kempis and Schopenhauer; the latter's "pessimism being simply the doctrine of the Imitation, with the glory of God left out."

IT is hard to strike the moral balance. Undoubtedly the difficulty lies largely in the nature of things; in that element of the unknown and the inscrutable which enters into every problem. So far as the explanation lies there we shall not reach it. But I am convinced the difficulty is one which we enhance by false reasoning, by a too narrow, and especially by a too personal point of view.

It is this too personal point of view which hinders understanding all round; a tyrannous and insistent ego which brings every matter to be judged, all human values, to the bar of some preconceived wish or opinion. We cannot get outside ourselves; we do not greatly try. If we could eliminate the personal equation, also try to see things less in

detail and more in wholes, we should gain both in knowledge and in peace of mind.

I find a text in Emerson's Each and All. A broad and lovely landscape is sketched in which are placed four living types: a heifer, a clown, a sexton in his belfry, and the great soldier conducting his martial column along the neighboring heights. The first three form part of the picture on which the fourth looks down:

> "Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown,
> Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
> The heifer that lows on the upland farm,
> Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
> The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
> Deems not that great Napoleon
> Stops his horse and lists with delight,
> Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height."

Only the great mind, Napoleon's or another, can take in the picture as a whole. The soldier is not so exclusively the soldier, but he can note what is going on about him that does not pertain to his calling, the route of march or the night's encampment. He hears the bell's mellow chime, the heifer's plaintive note; he marks the spot of vivid color made by the clown's red cloak. Hill and valley, farm and woodland, blend into a beautiful picture; and the one who sees it feels himself in new kinship with a world which is in such happy agreement with itself.

There is a bird's-eye view in morals, which the reformers should cultivate, who often stand too near the evils they would correct, and destroy the perspective. The artist could teach the moralist a good deal on this point. We separate and detach where we should blend and bring together, or simply let alone. The poet makes this mistake in this same poem. Enamored of the beauty he had found in the outside world, he sought to preserve it in ways that destroyed it. The sparrow's note in the alder-bough, the shining shells beneath the wave; he would listen to the one and feed his eyes on the other forever. Forgetting the conditions which made the wild-wood singing so sweet, and imparted the pretty luster to the shells, he bore both away to his home. The bird continued its song, but without effect:

> "For I did not bring home the river and sky,
> He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye."

The shells turned to "poor, unsightly, noisome things" when removed from their native element. Things correctly understood must be studied not only in wholes, but in their natural settings; another point in which the artist could teach the moralist. In his disappointment the poet was inclined to pronounce all beauty a cheat, but his eyes

were newly opened, and he saw that beauty not only is, but is everywhere; pressing in upon every bodily sense, inhaled in the violet's breath, standing aloft in the firs and oaks, hinted anew in the fall of the cones and acorns at his feet:

> "Again I saw, again I heard,
> The rolling river, the morning bird;
> Beauty through my senses stole,
> I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

Another consideration helps us to strike the moral balance, and that is the universality of both beauty and pain. Some one has said that "What is so universal as death must be a benefit." The soul's struggle is the same in all ages and climes; what makes experience seem new is the fact that it is ours. "There are no new ways of grief," or of curing grief. Each generation may start from a somewhat higher vantage-ground; but the truer statement is that the individual epitomizes the race. No new problems nor opportunities; only a new soul with a new destiny to win.

It is said that the daisy was never known in the South until after the war. "Sherman brought them," the story runs; and we are told that the march to the sea can be traced by the white blossoms, whose seed was transported in the hay that was brought from the North to feed the horses.

I will not vouch for the story's truth, whose moral is a little too obvious. So, perhaps, is that found in another railway incident which I should like to relate. It will be thought I spy a good deal on my neighbors when I travel, but I learn more in that way than from the books:

IT was a hot day in August, and there were the usual accompaniments of dust and cinders which mar summer travel and render the traveler an easy prey to nerves and temper. Our way lay through a plain stretch of country, past well-tilled farms and fertile fields, all on a dead level, monotonous, uninteresting. Late in the afternoon we stopped at a way-station to exchange cars and get supper. Standing in idle sufferance on the platform, waiting the train, the attention of all was soon directed to a group of singular interest; a woman in middle life with three children; a pair of twin girls, about nine years old, and one four or five years younger. Something in their appearance, their way of standing close together, drew closer attention, and soon my companion pointed out that one of the twin sisters was blind. I looked—then again, more closely, when I saw the whole pitiful, pathetic truth: They were both blind! Between the

mother and the little sister, hardly out of babyhood, holding each of these with one hand, and clasping each other's, these stricken children stood, turning their faces upward as they talked, with the uncertain, wistful look of those who cannot see. It was a strange and moving sight.

"Whooping-cough!" I heard some one say, in attempted explanation.

The train arrived, we took our places, and it so happened these four took a seat in front of my own, crowding in together. The train pushed out of the station, and we went speeding along. In a few minutes, despite my preoccupation with this sad, unique little group, my eyes were caught by another picture, very different.

We were traveling across the northern part of Indiana, and it was the hour of sunset. And such a sunset! It seemed as if the western sky had massed all her most gorgeous colors, her most startling effects, picturesque, bizarre, sublime. First, an illimitable expanse of molten gold, a sea of fire. Sea of fire, or Dante's great rose of gold! Out from this sea, through a long, jagged rent in the clouds, flowed a river of the same glowing substance, downwards to earth; in big, heaving rapids at the top, a stream of beneficent beauty below. Every

crest of cloud shone with the same supernal light, and masses of dark vapor supported the scene at the base.

Long I watched that heavenly vision, for it was no less; saw the gold change to a delicate and tender green, masses of pale lavender deepen into night's purple. The crimson grew blood-red, leaving streaks of carmine behind after the sun had dropped below the line, as if loth to withdraw all that beauty too suddenly from men's eyes. The last little fleck of color melted into the surrounding darkness; the sunset was over, the night had fallen.

I heard the voice of a fellow-traveler: "You ought to see the sunsets in California!" But I did not want to hear anything about the sunsets in California. What my soul exulted in that moment was that, right there, in plain, Hoosier Indiana, we could have a sunset like that. Of course you can have a sunset where there are mountains and sea to help, or a great stretch of treeless prairies, such as the Middle West provides; but here the sun and sky did it alone. The commonplace was lifted to the sublime; and nature showed herself no respecter of localities.

THE chance for looking outwards gone, my eyes and thoughts turned inwards. I had forgotten the little blind twins. Night had fallen, indeed, here! Plenty of contrast in this case! Where was the Moral Balance?

What is a sunset worth to people who can never see one? What would this particular sunset have been worth to this mother if she had seen it? She sat at the inner end of the seat, occupied in the care of her young brood, and that vision of the skies had passed unheeded by her. I think it was the vicarious suffering in that mother's face which hurt me most, more than the children's loss, who were too young to realize it yet.

How would the sunset, that vast display of passing, ephemeral beauty, have impressed this mother? The question kept repeating itself in my mind. Perhaps only to pierce her heart with a fresh wound, to sharpen suffering and doubt, increase discouragement. "Beautiful!" she might have said, in sad, derisive repetition of a rapturous phrase from me. "Yes, but in what a fleeting, insubstantial sense. What is a sunset? Masses of shining mist and a few refracted rays of light. How lavish nature is in this gift of beauty, where it is not needed, and does not last! How generous in the matter of blue

sky, rose-tinted clouds, painted butterflies, silver foam-crests! No doubt we should be thankful. Praise of such blessings must be easy to those who have eyes to see. But the same power—God, you call him, in your Sunday prayers and hymns—that painted the sunset, gave me these children and struck them sightless. Will you teach me to understand and thank him for that?"

If I had ventured to accost this mother, to ask her if she had seen the sunset, and to expatiate on its beauties, and she had replied to me in some such fashion as this, how would I have answered her in turn? I think—I hope—I should not have tried to preach to such a one, to point a moral. But the sunset might have preached to her. Some balm of healing might have fallen from those red and golden rays. "Beauty is in the world, no less than pain," her thoughts might have run. "Let me not be so blind and ungrateful as not to admit that! Beauty in the natural world, that stands for truth in the spiritual! Let me strive to learn the law in each. The children cannot see the sunset, but I can. Then let them see it through my eyes. Let mother-love grow so strong, so pure, so instant in response to their every need, that it shall be to them the living witness of a love that is higher, guarding and

guiding us all—God's love. Let not my grief make their night darker, my sorrow be their hindrance, my fears their stumbling-block!" Some such prayerful thoughts might have been awakened in this mother's mind by the sunset.

My little blind girls were not so unhappy. They talked and played together in a subdued way. As we drew near one of the stations all four rose and stood in the aisle waiting for the train to stop. The jolting motion of the car made one of them lurch forward with a half stumble; and a gurgle of amused, childish laughter filled the car with a sweet, reassuring note. "I hope she will always keep that laugh," I thought, "and be able to gather amusement from simple things."

We left them standing outside on the platform, still close together, and holding hands; the two without eyes flanked and guarded by the two with eyes; the mother with her brave, sad face, the wee toddler doing her part to help. Do we need a better symbol and argument for a restored belief in Providence, which we are told is dying out? Human need is accompanied by human helpfulness the world round, and God is proved forever incarnate in the loving deeds of men.

HOW can we spell out the lesson of the world's beauty in other terms than those of divine good will to man, the only creature who can note the beauty and guess its meaning? Why not judge nature by her best, as we are taught to judge our fellow-creatures? She has supplied us with all we need. Her continual admonition to her human child is, If you trust not yourself whom you should by this time know, if you know not how to use the powers I have already bestowed, how can you know me?

We have not solved the Sphinx's riddle nor found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, but we have gazed into the desert-goddess's eyes until her look has grown as benignant as it is inscrutable; we have seen the rainbow and know the power of water-drop and sun's ray to form another. Nature is generous in the matter of rainbows; she has one for every pair of eyes that have learned to place themselves in the right angle of vision and to look upward. She has no light for moles, who live to burrow in the earth, no swinging treetops nor blue sky for the earth-worm, that has neither the wings nor wish to fly.

I find some words of a minister-friend, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, which bear on my subject: "When we take pain out of its relations and treat

it by itself, pessimism seems inevitable. We have no right to treat it thus; we must put pain back in its relations to the whole of life." He compares the Greek and Shakespearean tragedies, one moving slowly forward on one line to a dark, inevitable end; the other with its wholesome distractions and alleviations, as supplied by the fool in Lear and Polonius in Hamlet.

If I had seen only the sunset that summer evening I might have grown too carelessly happy, perhaps. "It's a beautiful world! Why do people fret and complain?" I might have asked. If I had seen only the little blind twins, I should have been miserable. My faith would have failed as their sight had. I needed the testimony supplied by the sunset to sustain the faith threatened by the sight of the human suffering. And—all reverently be it spoken—I needed the reminder of human suffering to check too complacent belief.

We reap our compensations as we go along, adjust the balance. Loss and gain, blessing and bane, are tossed together in the scales, the beam inclining now this way, now that. And the worthy dame with bandaged eyes is not so blind as she seems, and wears the bandage only to avoid the distractions which outward sense brings, to keep the inner vision strong and clear.

THE RETURN OF THE GODDESS

" 'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way."

IT is early April. Two weeks ago the sun stepped across the line, to visit once more his children of the North, to make friends with us again, bidding us prepare for another season of leafage and bloom.

How soon his warm, quickening rays get into the blood! I have closed all the registers and thrown the front door wide open. Outside I hear the glad, chaffering notes of the sparrows, as those busy, important little creatures debate with each other whether to build the new nests in a crotch of one of the old willows that line our quiet street, or in a safer nook beneath the eaves or in the upper part of my porch. I am much afraid they will decide in favor of the porch, dear, trying little neighbors that they are.

The willows are very old, worm-eaten at the roots, every wind-storm threatening to fall; but they make a cool and pleasant canopy of green in the summertime, and pencil the sky with delicate

brown etchings, that are almost as fair to look upon, in a colder season. Just now they are trying on their new spring suits of pale green, rustling with girlish pride and pleasure, bending their branches before and behind, to see how the new garments hang and if they are of the latest mode. Before the leaves are fairly out the long caterpillar blossoms will appear, adding an effect of lace and feathers to the new costumes, of which these silly old ladies are so proud. The feathery blossoms will not last long, but will fall to the ground, where their fluffy grace and prettiness will change to an unsightly litter, very trying to the housewife's heart, who must now sweep the steps and sidewalk three or four times a day; and who asks pater familias, in a complaining tone, why he does not "cut those nasty willows down."

On the boulevard near the house is a short avenue of birch-trees, a favorite promenade. Their clean, white bodies gleam and shimmer through coats of palest emerald, of fainter tinge than the willows, like goddesses emerging from a bath in some cool and verdant pool. The birch is the most lady-like tree of my acquaintance; she is never flurried nor out of sorts, never loses her well-bred calm and grace of manner. A cyclone may descend upon

us in all its fury, rudely tearing off the willow branches and scattering them far and wide, bending the strong elms and sometimes breaking a limb; but the birches swing gracefully back and forth, with a touch more of wildness in their motion, that is all; never losing their look of drawing-room urbanity and poise.

IT is the season of renewal for the inner and outer man, if as the preachers tell us, there are two. The soul is washed clean of winter doubts in the new springtide.

Along the line of general rejuvenation the house-cleaning season sets in. Cleansing suds and renovating paint and calcimine are brought into operation. The clothes-line is full of winter clothing, brought out for a spring airing before the wool things are packed away in camphor, to secure them against the ravages of moths and other things that corrupt. The air is filled with the pungent odor of burning brush, and the tack-hammer beats its musical click-click on the happy housewife's ear.

The body must be re-clothed. Our winter suits look rusty, and the stores down town are very tempting. I need a spring suit, and so does Costan-

zia. We have been looking at the willows, and feelings of true feminine envy swell our breasts. I, too, will have a gown of emerald green. Costanzia says it will look too young. As though one could ever look too young! The willows are as old as I am, and much more infirm.

The Western Slope! I have half a mind to take back all I have been saying. I feel like a girl of sixteen, though when I forgot myself this morning and ran up stairs I did get out of breath. But with this large supply of spring ozone in the air, one can afford to get out of breath.

The buds are swelling, the woods are taking on pink and purplish hues. I bought a bunch of pussy-willows on State street yesterday, and this morning came a box of arbutus from a friend, fresh from New England snows; the same kind John Alden gave Priscilla. The small boy has brought out his stock of marbles, and I have to walk round the ring he has made in the black dirt of the alley crossing, not to interrupt the game. On the sidewalk I must also step aside to avoid the swing of the girls' skipping-ropes. I wonder if I could jump the rope? At the market I laid in a supply of pie-plant and young onions, and returned home, the spring fever at its height.

"Costanzia, we must clean up the back yard!"

We raked off the winter-coverlet of dead leaves and straw from the long bed where I planted a half-bushel of tulip bulbs last fall—following the advice of a friend, experienced in garden lore and practice, whose rule is to plant ten times as much of everything as you want or can possibly grow in the space assigned. This is an easy rule, and comforting to one's self-love, for if things sown so lavishly do not come up, we know it is not the fault of a grudging disposition on our part.

"Have the tulips come up?"

I asked this in eager trembling as I went into the yard and bent over the bed. The perky little things were sticking up their sharp, green blades through the dead leaves.

"Oh, the dears! The plucky little things! Why, it snowed only three days ago." I threw aside the rake, which might bruise the tender sprouts, and went down on my knees to use my hands. Fingers were made before forks, and the human hand is the easiest tool to work with, whether you are clearing off a tulip-bed or stirring an angel-food cake.

How good the fresh earth smells! It is better than any tonic. I shall throw away my bottle of

beef, wine and iron. How pleasant and keen the April air is! The blue sky has a friendly look, though a wintry blue still. The sunshine is rather pale, but its touch cheers if it does not greatly warm.

I pause a minute in my task of uncovering the tulip-bed to look about our little demesne. I called it "the back yard," and that is all it is; all that is permitted the luckless dweller in the city, living on a twenty-five foot front, with a square of turf at the rear, opening into an alley. Our back yard is about as large as a good-size table-cloth.

This is the utility end of the house, which until within a year or two served only the homeliest needs. Here is where the milkman and grocer deliver their goods, where the clothes are hung on Mondays, and the garbage-boxes loom up in frightful prominence. But of late we have begun to beautify our back yards. We have discovered there are possibilities of summer grace and bloom even here. One of our morning newspapers gave us the start. It offered a prize for the most beautiful summer garden, and a teamster living on a small patch of land in the confines of the city won it and pocketed his seventy-five dollars. None of the churches or benevolent societies ever performed a more patriotic service for the city than our big daily newspaper

did that summer, with its words of counsel and encouragement, its pictures of small city plots in the poorer districts, hitherto uncared for, running over with green vines and other summer loveliness. The women's clubs took up the work, organizing neighborhood circles for the care of the alleys and vacant lots, to help the good cause and keep alive the new spirit of civic pride and beauty.

Costanzia and I did not try for the prize, but we grew ashamed of the landscape at the rear of the house, and resolved to mend our ways. We only made a beginning last year, but we expect to do great things this year.

As I paused from my labors and looked about me, the prospect could not be called alluring. The willow stood in its old place in the corner. It covers half the yard with welcome shade, but hinders the growth of the flowers. The high board fence at the sides and end was bare and dirty. The garbage-box was in close and offensive proximity. The old grass was dead, the new had not begun to sprout, and the ground was wet and soggy with lately melted snows. A piece of frayed clothes-line hung from an iron hook in the wall, and the dead vines, left from last year, swung in the fresh April winds.

"It isn't much like Elizabeth's German Garden, is it?" I asked Costanzia. "But I don't care. It's all we've got, and we must do the best we can. I shall keep right on planting things, though I know half of them will not come up. After all, there's a lot of fun in just planting."

Costanzia looked pleased, and said that was the right spirit to have. Costanzia seems to approve of me more lately, since the spring days have set in. I am pleasantly conscious of deserving approval, but it's not in the least to my credit. It's neither an act of grace nor native piety; it's only because I know the goddess is coming back.

> "Everything is happy now,
> Everything is upward striving,
> 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
> As for grass to be green or skies to be blue;
> 'Tis the natural way of living."

LAST year we planted wild cucumber, because it is a rapid grower, and we couldn't wait for the Boston ivy. The cucumber knew it was only second choice, but it bore no grudge, and grew luxuriantly, covering the high fence and the brick walls with its rank, generous leafage, climbing up to the chamber windows and looking boldly in, garlanding itself across the walk and

converting our little place into a pretty green bower. In fact, the wild cucumber rather overdid things and showed a pushing disposition, that we are told the lower orders are sure to reveal if you give them a chance. It completely covered the Boston ivy, checking its growth, and nearly choked the morning-glories to death, showing no respect whatever for its superiors, and a modern trust's love of monopoly. This year we will keep the cucumber in check and give the ivy a chance. See, it has not been winter-killed, and will soon spread its green-shingle covering over the wall.

As I expected, only about one-fourth of the tulips have come up, but I am not going to hurt the feelings of those that did come up by scolding those that did not; like the minister who whips the stay-at-homes over the shoulders of the faithful few who are always present. It doesn't matter, for as I say, the gardener's chief duty is to plant things. We'll try the lavender-bean this year, and sow hollyhocks and sunflowers before the garbage-boxes; though they did not grow very well last year, resenting, I suppose, being put to that ignoble use.

We will plant a lot of asters; asters have always treated us well. They are as willing to grow in a city back yard as anywhere else, and they blossom

until the snow falls. And we must have some marigolds and zinnias, the dear ugly things! These homely children of the soil, so coarse and vigorous and strong, are of wonderful decorative use and effect. A single flower looks only like a healthy, good-natured Katrina, just over from the Vaterland, but mass a dozen in a brown pitcher or jar, and note the result, in strong, rich color. That is a trick of the working-classes. A single workman in a dirty blouse, with a clay pipe sticking from his mouth, is not very pretty to look at, but mass him with his fellows in a long procession on Labor Day, or in a big meeting in Haymarket Square, and he becomes vividly picturesque. More than picturesque sometimes, when he comes out in all his native Jacobinian strength to demand attention to his wrongs, compel state and nation to listen to him!

NEXT Sunday will be Easter. Every year we grow in true pagan appreciation of this festival, which does not, therefore, lose any of its Christian significance. It was nature's festival first. The Church of Human Endeavor always celebrates Easter. The announcement card came in this morning's mail. It is a pretty leaflet, with white and yellow crocuses scattered over the

cover, and a small print of Hoffman's head of the boy Jesus inside. The short verse on the opposite page is Aureola's:

> "Just as Thy Easter sun to-day
> Warms into life each tiny spray,
> And all the flowerets start;
> We know the light of love divine
> Shall give at last all hearts of Thine
> The Easter of the heart."

St. Bernard will lead us in a service that allies the earth's reawakening life with the impulses of love and worship in the heart of man. We join a larger chorus than we know in our Easter hymns and songs; we are helping to feed a tradition, to preserve a religious form and custom that far antedates the special ceremonies with which any particular communion, even the oldest, celebrates the day. The Easter-tide is as old as the heart of man—as the heart of nature out of which man was born.

Though the goddess is thousands of years old, yet we figure her, and always shall, in the form of a young maiden, blossom-crowned, her face radiant with youth and hope. We are all sun-worshipers at this time of year, though we do not go out in holiday procession, bearing wreaths and other votive-offerings, to greet Oestara. Tall white lilies will

bloom on the minister's desk; the theme may be the resurrection, but not the body's. We shall be told to put our hearts in tune with the growing world around us, to seek the life everlasting that comes with right deeds enacted here on earth.

Our Easter would be well employed in the celebration of the proved worth of man, though only to encourage to greater worth. Too long has the fair body of our Lord lain within the dark and cheerless tomb! Too long has the body cramped the spirit, man distrusted himself! It is time to roll away the stone, to throw off the heavy incubus of care weighing us to earth, and free the waiting spirit within. Let the living soul come forth and rule!

As for the great theme which most of the pulpits deal with on this particular Sunday, with so much futile learning and skill in argument, I am content to leave it to those more concerned over it than I am. Shall I live after death? I am living now. This "Now" is all I can ever possess. Let me extract from it as much wisdom, happiness, and power as I can. Cheerfulness and courage! These are the qualities which the returning goddess inspires; belief in the worth of to-day, renewed interest in the life that now is.

TO me the great lesson in the great poem, seventeen years in the writing, is not found in any so-called religious conclusion wrought out by the poet, from his youth's deep loss and all the doubts and questions it aroused in his mind. I am glad for any such helpful conclusions others may find there, for all the answers to human longings God speaks through the lips of preacher, philosopher, or poet. But in my reading of the great elegy, the solution is found, not in any one of the hundred and thirty short poems which make up the long one, in which the poet voices all "his weak and wandering cries"; but in the epilogue. Here where the striving mind ceases to speculate and forecast, where the problem is abandoned, not in despair, nor from weariness with his task, but from freshly wakened interest in the world about him—here is the problem's solution. Here the quest ends.

Grief is worn out. The friend lost so long ago is not forgotten, but human affection has its present living demands. Another friend has been found, not to replace the old, but keeping the heart alive to love's continued bounties. The sister, betrothed in the old time to the friend who was lost, wore the weeds of her unwedded widowhood for many years;

but reviving nature called loudly in her heart, too, and the new friend became the new lover. The funeral dirge ends in an epithalamium. The house of mourning turns to one of joy. Life proves stronger than death:

> "I will not shut me from my kind."

Thus our poet won the great boon of faith, but not the lower, lesser faith gained through the granting of our special petition, the prayer as our poor words and hopes frame it. The note of personal plaint and beseeching is dropped. A larger vision has reached his soul, and stilled it:

> "Behold, I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee.
>
> "Thy voice is on the rolling air,
> I hear thee where the waters run
> Thou standest in the setting sun,
> And in the setting thou art fair."

OUR thoughts on these deep, imponderable themes grow less and more abstract. Life interprets itself to us more and more in terms of its numerous little human aids and dependencies, at the same time that the outlook grows less human and personal as we proceed. Deep calleth unto deep; but the surface of things pleases and interests us, too. The present never satisfied us so

well—nor seemed of so little importance. We never felt more assured of coming good—nor less inclined to speculate on its nature.

Work tires us more quickly than it once did—but it is our best relief from weariness. That which we seek as rest often wearies more than it refreshes. The physical, we are vaguely conscious, is losing its hold upon us, but the spiritual delays to make its full and final claim; and we wait in a dreamful trance for what is to come next.

So it will be seen that we who live on the Western Slope have no wish not to be counted as much alive and living as we ever were. We do not mean to let the census-taker skip or forget us. We have not begun to write our epitaphs nor to draw up our last wills and testaments; for, very humanly, we grudge others even the prospective possession, gained in a legal document, of what is still ours.

DAY by day the journey proceeds, with no more than the usual incidents to enliven it and keep up our interest. We need no more than these usual incidents. We rise in the morning and go to bed at night; we try to perform our numerous duties somewhat less sparingly every day, we submit to our pleasures with as much

cheerful resignment as we can summon. We visit friends, discuss politics, subscribe for the magazines; keep on at the old tasks of enjoying ourselves and improving our neighbors.

On every side are friends and companions who love us more than we merit, and who encourage us in our work. Aureola's sunny face beams down on me from above, Florinda waves her hand to me in the distance, St. Bernard turns now and then to regard me with an attentive frown, Costanzia keeps a watchful eye on me.

Pendennis is correcting the proofs of his new book, Dr. Phœbe has procured the appointment of another woman on the hospital staff, Frances has won a fellowship, Ruth writes me she has a "perfectly lovely" case of typhoid fever, Sallie and May are coming to spend a week with me.

My Honest Doubter draws near and looks at me questioningly: "Have you obtained any more light on that subject since I last talked with you?"

"I don't know what subject you mean, but I have all the light there is."

"Then perhaps you can tell me where we are going?"

"Oh, yes; we are going down the Western Slope."

He looks at me reproachfully, but I will not be reproached. I take his arm and compel him to walk with me a short distance. I tell him about Janetta's new baby who has cut her first tooth, and I ask him if he knows the best soil for tulip-bulbs. He does not listen very well, and slips away.

If when my friends see how powerless I am to help them in their way, they would only let me help them in my way!

I HAVE reached my Finis and Farewell. To the readers who began these pages but grew weary and were not able to proceed, my kindly acknowledgment of their good intentions, with no sense of injury. I have treated many much better books in the same way. To those other readers who, mayhap, have followed me all the way, my grateful thanks, with the wish I might have better deserved their friendly pains.

Where the lengthening shadows grow,
Stretching far behind;
Where the footsteps slowlier go,
Thought and impulse calmlier flow,
From a quiet mind.

West and East are but a name;
Forward press, my soul!
Morning's colors are the same,
Love and Life yield not their claim,
We shall know the whole.

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